

From Chambers' Journal.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS AT SMYRNA.*

It must be almost impossible for those who have never had an opportunity of visiting eastern countries, or experiencing a greater degree of summer heat than our own temperate climate can produce, to form any idea of the marvellous brilliancy of those striking landscapes when the noonday sun is pouring down his full splendor upon them. It is but seldom, indeed, that persons habitually resident in those regions ever witness such a sight. There are few admirers of nature sufficiently enthusiastic to brave a *coup de soleil*, or a brain fever, one or other of which fatal consequences are too often the result of incautious exposure. Yet although it was on one of the most sultry days in the month of May that we landed at Smyrna, I think any one would have risked a good deal to have witnessed the scene which gradually opened upon us as we approached that interesting spot. Sky, earth, and sea, all were bathed in one flood of light; and the full blaze of an unclouded sun at once illuminated and embellished the beautiful Asiatic shore and the picturesque city which lay before us. Only one dark spot, which even that flaming orb could not brighten, gave effect to the landscape; and this was the grove of sombre cypress-trees which, spreading over the side of the hill almost to the sea-shore, marked out the Moslem cemetery. There are few, if any, of the eastern cities more deeply interesting than Smyrna; the very name must at once suggest its principal claim for a more than ordinary share of attention; and in fact it is only in reference to it, as one of the seven churches of Asia, that the more prominent features of its present condition become so remarkable. From its central position as well as from its commercial influence, it is the resort of persons of every country and denomination, besides being the resting-place of travellers to many different quarters; and, in consequence of this, I believe there is no place where so many different religions are not only tolerated, but firmly established and flourishing, in perfect harmony with each other. Mohammedanism is of course the religion of the country, but its various sects are here more than usually distinct. Judaism greatly prevails—the Hebrew population being numerous, and the members of the Armenian church scarcely less so. Then there is the Gueber, or fire-worshipper, whose adoration of the sun is at least less astonishing here than it would be in England: the Greek; the Roman Catholic; the Nestorian; and many others, which I have neither time nor space to enumerate; besides a considerable number of Protestants from all parts of the globe. There are several European families which have become naturalized at Smyrna; and notwithstanding the lapse of a generation or so, they cling with the greatest tenacity to the manners and customs of their countries, and in many instances have preserved the purity of their faith, both in doctrine and ritual.

* We are indebted for this paper to the same lady who lately graced our pages with descriptions of the Slave Market of Constantinople and the Harem of Eiredeen Pacha.

far more perfectly than it now exists in the lands whence they brought it. Besides all this, Smyrna is, as it were, the focus of the numerous branches of missionary societies in the East, and it is consequently inhabited by a vast number of Americans. It was my favorite plan, that we should endeavor to visit all the places of worship to which we could gain access in the city; but we were on our way to the Black Sea, and the steamer only remained four-and-twenty hours at Smyrna, which was undoubtedly too short a stay for so interesting a place, and rendered my project scarcely feasible.

We had scarcely anchored, when the fact that we had passed, within the last twelve hours, from one quarter of the globe to another, was brought with full conviction on our minds by the arrival of sundry most Asiatic-looking figures, whose manners and appearance afforded a striking contrast to the Greeks of the classical island of Scio, which was the last place we had touched at. Although nothing could be more picturesque than these fine-looking, majestic men, with their black eyes, long beards, and dark olive complexions, they were merely "valets de place" come to offer their services; and it seemed very strange to hear them, in their flowing garments and heavy turbans, talking French, English, and Italian with the greatest ease. The process of going on shore appeared to us one of considerable difficulty; for the only means of transporting ourselves and our luggage was in boats, so extremely small and narrow, that we fancied the weight of one person would be sufficient to capsize them; but as there was no alternative, we consented to embark in a slender little caïque, which, though it danced on the waves as if it had been made of India-rubber, certainly brought us safely to land. We had so many friends and near connexions in Smyrna, that we scarcely felt ourselves in a strange country, as we walked, accompanied by them, to the house of Madame W——, whose kind hospitality was to save us from the miseries of a night in a *soi-disant* European hotel. The streets, as in all eastern towns, were dirty, dark, and narrow; but we were too much delighted with the endless variety of costume, to think either of the rough stones, or of the heat of the sun, from which we were only partially protected by the projecting balconies and canopied stalls. We passed along the whole length of the "Street of Roses," scarcely finding time to ask to what nation each fantastic figure belonged. There was the Armenian, with his narrow, straight robe, and his black head-dress, which I can only describe as an enormous square cushion; the dervish, with his blue mantle and high conical cap; the Cossack, with a perfect mountain of fur on his head; and numbers of women, with their white or black veils and huge brown cloaks.

The house of Madame W——, to which we were going, was in the Quartier Franc, and, like most other good houses in that part of the town, was surrounded by a large court, filled with trees, the entrance to which was by a stone passage, so long and wide, that we fancied ourselves still in the street, until the ponderous gate was closed behind us. We were not sorry to remain quietly under shelter for several hours, till the heat had

abated; but as soon as the streets were somewhat in shade, we set out to walk to the Bridge of the Caravans, which is the fashionable evening promenade in Smyrna. To reach this spot, we had to traverse almost the whole town, in fact but a continuance of ill-paved streets. It is the custom of the Smyrniote ladies (rather a singular one, according to our ideas) to pass the evening in the open air, at the doors of their houses. Amongst the higher classes, they even have their vestibules arranged for this purpose, with ottomans, cushions at no allowance, and tables loaded with sweetmeats and all sorts of "fricandises;" and really they looked so charming, as they reclined in graceful attitudes, laughing and talking together, in their little red and gold caps, short velvet jackets, and silk petticoats, that we were quite disposed to approve of a practice which thus enabled us to judge of the famed beauty of the Smyrniote women; and I must own that, except in the island of Naxos, which I think unrivalled on this score, I have never seen a greater collection of lovely faces. We could not, however, pay them all the attention they deserved, from the very evident necessity of taking care of ourselves in the narrow streets; for the Turks treated us with indifference; and I think they would really have walked over us quite coolly, rather than give themselves the trouble of making way. We had especially to keep clear of all the magnificent Osmans and Mustaphas who came jogging towards us, mounted on little miserable donkeys, and looking most pompously ridiculous with their solemn faces and ponderous turbans, whose weight alone would have seemed sufficient to have overpowered the wretched animals they rode on. The change was delightful when we emerged from the stifling atmosphere of the town into the lanes which led through green vineyards, and beneath the pleasant shade of mulberry-trees to the bridge; nor did we find the walk too long, though the distance is considerable from the Quartier Franc.

This much-vaunted bridge derives its name from the number of caravans that hourly pass over it on their way to the interior of the country, and is remarkable only from the extreme beauty of its position. It is high, long, and narrow, stretching over a clear and rapid stream, and surrounded on all sides by magnificent old trees. At a short distance rises a green and vine-clad hill, whose summit is crowned by a ruined castle, which, though picturesque, is of no great antiquity or interest. On the one side of the river—the refreshing murmur of whose waters has, in this sultry land, a charm we never could imagine elsewhere—numberless little establishments have been erected, where coffee, pipes, ices, &c., are provided for the promenaders, and chairs are placed under the trees, that they may sit luxuriously in the shade, and partake of these refreshments; and here does the whole fashionable world of Smyrna congregate every evening, to walk and talk, to see and be seen. On the other side of this narrow stream, but a few yards distant, silent, desolate, and shrouded in impenetrable darkness, lies a vast Turkish burial-ground, extending much farther than the eye can reach, and possessing, in the highest degree, the picturesque beauty for which those cemeteries have always been celebrated. It was impossible for the most unimaginative mind not to be struck with this singular sight: that little sparkling river, dancing on its way with, on the one hand, life busy, gay, and frivolous; and,

on the other, death in its most solemn gloom and stillness! We determined to visit both; but we chose first to inspect the portion devoted to the living; and certainly it presented life under a novel aspect. Everything that retained the true "souleur locale" was delightful, especially the portly Mussulmans, seated in a circle on their rich carpets, smoking gravely, and emitting a short sentence once in half an hour. But amidst the crowds from every nation that surrounded us, there were not a few who laid claim to being thoroughly Europeanized; having, in their own opinion, arrived at this happy consummation by caricaturing outrageously the Parisian fashions of the last season—just as they are apt to do in provincial towns at home; though nowhere could the glaring mixture of colors, and the indescribable hats and feathers, have looked so absurd as when contrasted with the native costume, and surrounded by that truly Oriental scenery. We were watching a group of Turks who were supping together—each one partaking in turn of a greasy ball of rice, which was administered to him by the head of the party, whose green turban distinguished him as a descendant of the prophet—when an exclamation from one of our companions attracted our attention to a caravan that was crossing the bridge. The procession was headed by a little, sober-looking donkey, unburdened, and without saddle or bridle, which led the way with great sagacity; and notwithstanding his humble appearance, we were assured that, without his assistance, the drivers would have found it impossible to have induced the camels to proceed. Next came a long and almost interminable line of those huge animals, walking in single file with that slow undulating movement which is so peculiar to their species; they were heavily loaded, and each one was mounted by his master, who guided him merely by the voice. The long train, with its gay eastern dresses, had an admirable effect as it wound under the trees and across the bridge; it was altogether in perfect keeping with the landscape. We watched them till the last camel, of which there were some fifteen or twenty, had disappeared, and then we also crossed the bridge, in order to explore the cemetery.

The distance was but short which separated the haunts of the living from the dwelling of the dead; yet scarcely had we penetrated a few steps into those thick shades, when we found ourselves shut out completely from all sight or sound that told of human life, and in the very midst of that most awful of all desolation—a solitude peopled with the ashes of those who were and are not! Around us, on every side, dark and silent, rose an interminable forest of gigantic cypress-trees, so closely grouped, that even the light of day could scarcely penetrate amongst them, and spreading on and on in unbroken gloom, till the eye became bewildered in attempting to limit their empire; and beneath, yet more interminable, yet more sad and silent, lay the forest of tombs, each cold white stone strangely distinct in the surrounding darkness, and yet so innumerable, so thickly strown upon the earth, that a chill struck on the heart at the thought of how immense was this population of the dead. There was not a sound: for the summer breeze, passing through the unbending branches of the cypresses, drew no murmur from those mournful trees, and the slanting rays of the setting sun, as they shot at intervals across the graves, made the turbaned monuments look, in the faint glimmering

light, like the pale phantoms of the departed, each one watching over his own slumbering ashes. We sat down among the tombs to wait the termination of sunset, whose influence we felt in the deepening shadows round us; though it was rarely that we caught a glimpse of that fading glory, or of the softer light of the rising moon, whose silver crescent, appearing among the trees, amply compensated for the entire absence of twilight. Monsieur V—— read to us the inscription on one of the graves near us, whose highly-gilt monument and painted turban seemed to indicate that the dust it contained had once been honored of men. It stated that this son of the faithful had, throughout a long life, so perseveringly performed all the outward acts of devotion in which the religion of the Moslem consists, that he was most assuredly wandering even now with the dark-eyed houris by the shores of that lake where lie the sparkling bowls filled with the water of immortality. To me, in that vast abode of the dead, which in its deep stillness seemed so far removed from the hopes and fears of human life, it was quite painful to be recalled by this pompous panegyric to the gross and lowering ideas with which the Mohammedans have clothed even the heaven of their dreams; for their creed does not allow the soul to disengage itself from the trammels of the flesh, even in their hope of an immortality beyond the grave. It is a very characteristic trait of this people, the care with which a little basin is scooped out on the stone of every grave, to catch the rain-water, that the birds may come and drink; thus carrying out their principle of universal charity even after death. We left the cemetery as soon as it was dark, passing once more through the merry groups who were proceeding homewards, each one carrying his little paper lantern to light his steps as he went along.

Before six o'clock the next morning we were all astir, anxious to accomplish what we could in the short time allotted to us. We proceeded first to the bazaars, in search of some of the beautiful Smyrniote embroidery, which is nowhere else to be found. These bazaars are as spacious as they are interminable, and their shops displayed the produce of every part of the globe. We entered into several of them, finding each furnished with its Persian carpets, and comfortable cushions placed round the wall, where we were invited to sit and drink coffee as long as we chose. But the most interesting sight, where everything was new and picturesque, were the traders who had come from the interior of the country, and who, with their singular dresses, wild gestures, and strange dialect, attracted much of our attention as they stood in groups round the seats of the money changers, or at the stall of the public weigher—his balance and weights being in constant requisition for the grains and spices which formed the principal part of their merchandise.

I was very anxious to gain admittance into a mosque, which is as difficult in Smyrna as it is easy in Constantinople; and accordingly proceeded to one of the largest, in hopes of being able to effect an entrance with the help of Monsieur V——. Numbers of Turks were collected on the wide steps which lead to the three principal doors, and round the fountains, where they performed their ablutions before daring to enter within the sacred precincts. As soon as we had passed the railing which enclosed the outer court, they hurried towards us, with the evident intention of opposing our further progress. Monsieur V—— addressed

them in Turkish; and for some time his utmost eloquence was only met by the most angry refusals; at last, however, they consented, with very surly looks, to admit us, provided we would take off our shoes; nor would they even allow us to substitute slippers, as is the custom at Constantinople. None of the party were disposed to undergo the penance of walking in this manner up the stone stairs excepting myself; and I therefore entered alone, but not until each of the Turks had separately knelt down to ascertain that I really had, in all sincerity, complied with their request. The mosque was extremely large, divided into three compartments, the centre of which was the most sacred, and separated from the others by a few low steps. At the east end, much in the same position as the altar in Christian churches, was a representation of the tomb of the prophet, and near to it was a sort of pulpit, from which a portion of the Koran was read every day. From the vast dome-shaped roof hung a long rope, supporting innumerable little glass lamps, and various strange-looking ornaments—such as ostriches' eggs, horses' tails, &c.; and in the centre were inscribed the seven names of God in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, forming a large circle of gilt letters. The floor was entirely covered with those beautiful little carpets of which even one is considered a treasure elsewhere. A few early worshippers were scattered here and there, bowed towards Mecca, with their foreheads touching the ground; and, difficult as it is to attract the attention of a Turk when engaged in his devotions, my entrance roused them all. They stared at me for a moment in utter amazement, and then simultaneously starting from their knees, crowded round me, vociferating and even throwing themselves on the ground, to ascertain if I had not already desecrated their sanctuary by walking as though on common ground. The mullah, through whose influence I had been admitted, came to my assistance, and showed them that I had left my shoes outside, upon which they returned to their places, though with looks of great discontent. I was standing near the principal door, which was wide open, and so large, as to afford a view of the interior of the mosque from the street; at that moment a Frenchman, who was on board of the same steamer with ourselves, happening to pass by, saw me there, and imagined that any one might enter at will. He therefore came up the stairs, and had advanced to the door, when he was observed by a man, apparently belonging to the mosque, who was sweeping the carpets. I suppose he was already exasperated at my presence; but he had scarcely perceived this new intruder, than he uttered a howl of rage, and seizing a pole which stood near, he ran at him with it in the most ferocious manner. The attack was so sudden and so determined, that the poor Frenchman had no time to collect his ideas; he ejaculated one faint "*Miséricorde!*" then tumbled head-foremost down the stairs, and disappeared in a whirlwind of dust. I soon after made my exit also, but in a quieter manner, and we then turned our steps in the direction of the Jewish synagogue, which, to my great delight, Monsieur V—— had promised I should visit, as he was well acquainted with one of the rabbins.

The synagogue is in a crowded part of the town, and so hemmed in by houses, that it is not easy to distinguish its outward form; and the more so, as it is surrounded by a high wall. We were admitted at a side door, where we waited a few minutes

till Monsieur V—— returned with the Rabbi Michaël. I do not think I ever saw a more pleasant looking person. He wore a high black cap, with a loose robe and inner garment of striped silk; his hair, unlike the generality of Jews, was quite fair, and combed back from a broad open forehead, and his long beard did not at all detract from his youthful appearance. His manner was full of quiet dignity, though perfectly unassuming, and his voice was peculiarly sweet and low-toned. He conducted us up the stairs, and, unlocking the door, admitted us into the synagogue, with which, to say the truth, I was much disappointed, though it was totally unlike any other place of worship I had ever seen. It was a large square room, lighted by narrow windows, and surrounded by seats made of plain new wood; for it had only been recently built, the former building having been destroyed in a late conflagration. In the centre was a small platform, raised a few steps, and enclosed by a high close railing, hung with thick curtains of crimson silk. These the rabbin drew back, and we saw a small table, with a covering also of silk, embroidered with gold, on which were laid the books of the Pentateuch, and various parchments inscribed with Hebrew characters. At the upper end of the room an ample curtain concealed some object, apparently too sacred to be exposed to view; and the rabbin looked so uneasy when we approached it, that we could not venture even to inquire what it was. He showed us the garments of the high priest, which were kept in a large iron chest, and which were both magnificent and curious. There was the linen ephod, the embroidered robe, the breast-plate, and the girdle—the two latter were engraved with the sacred words. We had not time to examine many minor details in the arrangement of the synagogue, but it was altogether less interesting than I expected. The rabbin invited us most earnestly to go and rest a few minutes in his abode; and Monsieur V—— persuaded us to agree to his request, as he said his house was one of the most beautiful in Smyrna, and well worth seeing. We had merely to cross the street to reach the door, and, after ascending a wide stone staircase, we entered into a large hall paved with marble, and abundantly furnished with ottomans and carpets. The upper end of the room was entirely occupied by three immense windows cut down to the ground, and opening on a flight of white marble steps, which led down into one of the loveliest little gardens imaginable; the light was almost obscured by the clustering vines and thick rose-bushes; and the fragrance of these and other plants, the cool shade which they produced, and, above all, the refreshing murmur of the fountains, certainly rendered this a most charming abode. The rabbin's wife, who came in with refreshments, was a most suitable inhabitant for such a dwelling, for she was really a beautiful woman, with all the distinguishing features of the Jewish race. Though less dignified than her husband, she seemed gentle and amiable, and her dress was particularly becoming—the bright green handkerchief which bound her forehead showing off to great advantage her clear black eyes and dark complexion. We remained with them for some time, and after seeing the interior of this family, we no longer wondered at the high respect in which the Jews are held in Smyrna. We left them at last, to pay a visit which, for me at least, had no small attractions.

I had received a letter written in Arabic, of

which I was anxious to procure a translation, and Monsieur V—— found, after many inquiries, that there was but a single person in Smyrna to whom I could apply for one with any chance of success. This was a venerable dervish, famed for his sanctity and learning, who was universally resorted to for advice, and whose wisdom and knowledge were supposed never to be at fault. There is a very attractive degree of mystery connected with the sect of dervishes: their origin, and the exact nature of their peculiar tenets, are not, as far as I could learn, precisely known; but they are everywhere held in high estimation. The dancing and howling dervishes live together in monasteries, which are in many points similar to those in Roman Catholic countries; but the sage we were going to visit did not belong to either of those orders, and therefore lived quite alone. Monsieur V—— thought it highly improbable that he would consent to receive the visit of a lady—an event which certainly never could have occurred in his life before; but as my anxiety was principally to obtain a translation of my letter, I was quite willing to wait till this should be accomplished. We soon reached the place, a small solitary house on the outskirts of the town, and my companion went up the narrow stair, and disappeared, leaving me, too happy to escape from the burning sun, under the cool matting that sheltered the terrace. In a few minutes he came back, laughing heartily, and told me that the old dervish was in the highest state of excitement at the idea of being visited by a European lady, and that he would willingly translate my letter, if I would only come in and let him see me. Two negro slaves held up the curtain which hung before the door, and I entered the "sanctum" of the wise man. It was a room of moderate size, with a large recess at one end, three sides of which were of glass. Several steps, covered with a splendid Persian carpet, raised this part of the room above the rest, and it was almost filled by a high divan, on which the dervish was seated in great state. He wore the conical cap and flowing robes of his sect; and really his long beard, streaming down to his waist, and his solemn countenance, impressed me with a very sufficient idea of his vast wisdom. A large box stood beside him, filled with curious old parchments; and the divan, as well as the platform beneath, was strewn with books of all kinds. In the lower part of the room there were a number of astronomical instruments, and various extraordinary looking machines, of which I could not even divine the use. The only other inhabitant of the room was a younger dervish, who, though seated on the same ottoman, evidently felt much awed in the presence of his superior, and sat stroking his beard in silence. The sage decidedly thought it beneath his dignity to exhibit any astonishment at my appearance, and he returned my salutations in a most majestic manner; though I was much amused at the sly glance he fixed on me when he thought I did not observe him. A chair was placed for me in the outer part of the room, as he could not allow the infidel to approach nearer to him, or even to ascend the steps which led to his seat. After the usual complimentary speeches, coffee was brought, which I was forced to swallow, much against my will, as it was without sugar, and excessively thick. He then took out his writing materials, which he wore, according to the eastern custom, in his belt, and received my letter from the younger dervish, to whom it had been transmitted by Monsieur V——,

with all due formality. He read it, then solemnly bowed to me, as an indication that he understood it; he next proceeded to take a small sheet of paper, which he laid on the palm of his hand, and began to write, using a pen made of a reed. It seemed to me impossible to form a single letter in this position; but in the course of a few minutes he presented me with a translation of the manuscript in Persian, Syriac, and Turkish, and the writing of each separate character was a perfect model. This was all I required, as it was easy to obtain a translation from the Turkish. But the good dervish seemed to think I ought now to make myself agreeable to him, and he commenced a conversation through the medium of Monsieur V——, who acted as interpreter. First he asked me questions innumerable about myself, my family, and my whole history past and present. Having then ascertained that I belonged to that very distant and barbarous island of Great Britain, he composedly begged that I would give him a distinct account of the government, laws, religion, and institutions of that country, with which, he assured me, he was wholly unacquainted. My companion laughed outright at my look of despair at this exorbitant demand; and as we could distinguish from the windows the steamer which was to carry me away with its chimney already smoking, he pointed it out to the dervish as a reason for terminating our visit immediately. He seemed very reluctant to let me go; but I at last arose, and having made him a flowery speech, which he heard most graciously, I prepared to go out. He then turned with considerable energy to Monsieur V——, and asked him to bid me stop one moment. I complied, and extending one hand towards me, while he raised the other to heaven, he uttered, in the most impressive manner, what seemed to me to be a short prayer, as it commenced with the words, "Allah il Allah!" The younger dervish and Monsieur V—— listened to it with the greatest reverence; and when he had concluded, my friend translated it word for word to me. It was a blessing, solemn and fervent, which he had called down upon me; beginning with saying that, infidel as I was, he prayed of Allah to hear him in my behalf, and, with the beautifully figurative language of the East, asking that my voyage through life to the eternal shore might be brightened with sunshine as gay as that which now smiled on my journey to my native land; and, above all, that the most secret wish of my soul might be gratified. The solemn manner in which this prayer was uttered by the good old man made no small impression on me, and I was not sorry to carry such a blessing away with me, when, a few hours after, we left Smyrna with a calm sea and a fair wind on our way to the Dardanelles.

Dial of the Seasons; or, a Portraiture of Nature.

By THOMAS FISHER, of Philadelphia. Harvey & Darton.

THE minds of some men are most singularly constituted; and present so many seeming anomalies that it becomes impossible to measure them by any scale, or to reduce them within the limits of comprehensibility. Of this peculiar order is, evidently, the mind of the author of the "Dial of the Seasons;" which, so far from exhibiting the regu-

larity he would lead us to believe that he admires, exposes in every page the most tortuous system and in every chapter plays the most eccentric tricks. Having taken some trouble to understand the peculiarities of this work—full of right and wrong—truth and error—correct reasoning and false deductions—knowledge and ignorance—correct feeling and false sympathies—industrious research and the most hasty and unwarranted assertions—we think we have got a glimpse of something like the condition of its author's mind. We have no desire to be in the slightest degree uncharitable; but there are really so many intelligent—and, in some respects, estimable—persons doing mischief to themselves, and injury to the world of science and literature, by means similar to those employed by the author of the "Dial of the Seasons," that we feel ourselves called upon to cut deep—that we may cure.

Gifted naturally with minds above the common order, with quick perceptions and good memory, the laborious routine necessary to subdue those minds to thought, is intolerable to such men; and, having heard or read of the wonders of genius, self, flattering self, looking at his own image, sees there all the phenomena which are supposed to mark this spontaneous development of intelligence, and so perpetrates the eccentricities believed to constitute some of its attributes. The knowledge obtained by desultory reading—which, as in the case of our author, is often mistaken for research—is put forward in a garb which is offered as the easy robings of a finished thought, but which is too often the braided blouse of ignorance and conceit. This pernicious habit ruins everything within its influence:—and, on both sides of the Atlantic, the efforts of human thought are at present suffering from the disease in which the resemblance is substituted for the reality—the shadow mistaken for the substance.

In the book before us, we have the sciences of meteorology, astronomy and optics, united with natural history and all its allied sciences, mixed into an *olla podrida*, with poems on the Creation of Light—The Prairie—The Song of the Sea and Isles—and The Retreat of the Berinsina; the whole flavored with the high spice of moral reflections on external order—whilst all within is in the most admirable confusion. If the author, and others of his class, could be induced to bend their minds to humble themes, and carefully and minutely examine into the truths which lie at their feet, they might achieve for themselves a triumph—they would certainly derive a pleasure—unknown to them as yet; and escape the disappointments to which they doom themselves. "All noble growths are slow," was a truth uttered by an American philosopher. The excellent in anything can only be attained by honest zeal and careful and untiring labor. To attempt to reach at one stride the top of the hill on which rest the giants of the earth after efforts the most toilsome, is a folly which certainly involves its own punishment. Let us then recommend the author of the "Dial of the Seasons" to bow himself to labor; and, connecting with his most humble tasks, the highest thoughts, to train his wandering mind into truth. If this be done ere he next attempts a "Portraiture of Nature," he will not then produce a mere caricature—mistaking it for a true copy—as in the present volume he has done. —*Athenæum*.

From Chambers' Journal.

FATHER BLACKHALL'S SERVICES.

"A BRIEF Narrative of the Services Performed to Three Noble Ladies, by Gilbert Blackhall," is one of the books printed by the Spalding Club in Aberdeen. It affords some curious peeps into the state of society in the north of Scotland in the first half of the seventeenth century, especially those families by whom the Catholic faith was still adhered to. The reverend father is an arrant gossip. He is curious in the every-day pursuits, the tempers, the occupations, nay, the clothing and feeding, of those with whom he was concerned. Moreover, he was an ill-requited man. He had the highest possible opinion of his own merits and exertions: but he did not find other people ready to acknowledge his claims; hence he set them forth, with all due precision and minuteness, in a narrative which fills a considerable quarto volume. Had he not been a weak-minded man, occupying himself in trifles, he probably had gained a great reputation by some folio volume, written in Latin, against Luther and John Knox, but we would not have had the curious pictures of national customs and grotesque incidents with which his garrulous narrative supplies us. The first person to whom we find Father Blackhall performing his services is the Lady Isabel Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol. This lady, after her mother's death, went to France in 1630. A certain Mr. James Forbes was her father's friend and correspondent in France, and she was, as merchants say, "consigned to him." He appointed Blackhall her confessor; "which he did repent thereafter," as Blackhall says; and indeed the chief purport of the narrative is to describe the efforts which her spiritual adviser made to protect her from the unseasonable addresses of Mr. Forbes. There is much curious matter in this part of the father's narrative; but we must pass from it to another portion of his adventures, in which we think the reader will probably be more interested.

At the conclusion of his engagement with Lady Isabel, he received an application from the Lady Frendraught, celebrated for the suspicion under which she fell, a few years before, of having set fire to her house, in order to burn Lord Aboyne in it. The horror of this event appears to have deterred the reverend father from such a connexion. He says—"My Lady of Frendraught did send to me, praying me to come to her, for the *frère* she had before was lately departed from this life. I refused absolutely to see her, because she was suspected to be guilty of the death of my lord of Aboyne, who, seven years before, was burned in the castle of Frendraught: whether she be guilty or not, God knoweth, for that hath not been yet discovered." Fate determined that, instead of the suspected murderess, he should ally himself with the Dowager Lady Aboyne, the widow of the victim; and he entered the service of "this truly noble and religious lady" about the middle of July, 1638. Though the Roman Catholics were a proscribed body through Scotland generally, the Marquis of Huntly, and some other Catholic lords in the north, possessed a considerable extent of feudal power for the protection of themselves and their adherents; and such a person as Blackhall, if not absolutely secure, would be removed from many causes of apprehension by such an alliance. In addition to their claims on the respect of the people as their spiritual advisers, these priests

could found on the dangers and hardships they were perpetually liable to; and as they were execrated and hunted beyond their own community, they seem to have obtained the greater privileges, immunities, and benisons within it. In his new appointment, the reverend father loses none of that spirit of inquiry and interference regarding small matters for which he has already appeared so conspicuous. We find him thus describing his position in the household, and the order he thought fit to take concerning it. "I did eat in my chamber as they who were before me used to do; four dishes of meat was the least that was sent to me at every meal, with ale and wine conforming; which I thought superfluous; but knowing the noble disposition of the lady, who gave the order herself for all the tables, as well of her servants as her own, I would not so soon utter my mind, until I should know better how my admonitions would be received. I asked my man what was done with the relics of my table. He answered me boldly that he sold them, and said the relics of priests were due unto their men. When I did hire you, said I, did I promise you such casualties? No, sir, said he; but it is the custom of this house, as all the servants will bear witness. They are fools, said I, and not capable to bear witness who give testimony to their own prejudice. What prejudice is that to thee? said he. My lady doth bestow the meat upon you, and asketh no count of it back again; so what you leave, I think should be for me rather than for any other body. If I did buy the meat myself, said I, was I bound to give you all that rested over my own suffisance, so that I could not bestow it in any other way after you had got your suffisance of it? No, said he; you might dispose of it at your own pleasure, and so doth my lady, who wills your man [to] get what you leave. No, said I; my lady wills, and I likewise, that thou carry to the kitchen all that I leave, both meat, bread, and drink, that all may serve the common table; and go thou to it, and there take your part of all, as the others do. And if thou determine anything another way, thou shalt not serve me one hour longer. I told my lady afterwards this dialogue which passed between my man and me, whereat she did laugh well; and this did acquire me the affections of the servants, who grudged, but could not mend it; for they knew that my lady would not take notice of such base things, much less correct them."

The people in the neighborhood seem not to have been in general Roman Catholics; for the father complains much of their importunate curiosity, saying that "if he but opened the window, they ran to see him as some monstrous thing;" and one woman declared she hoped to wash her hands in his heart's blood. Aboyne castle stands near the village of Charlestown of Aboyne, close to the river Dee, and thirty miles from its mouth at Aberdeen. Eastward, descend fine sweeps of arable land towards the coast, while to the west begins the great Highland range of the Grampians. There, in the close vicinity of their strongholds, the lands of Aboyne were subject to perpetual depredations by the Highland reivers of the day. The lonely widow appears to have had but a scanty retinue for so wild a neighborhood, and we find her obliged to add to the accomplished Blackhall's titles of priest and chamberlain, that of captain of her castle. He describes the manner in which he repelled one of these invasions; and it is clear that his own prowess on the occasion has not been neg-

lected by the historian. When a visitation by friends was of the following character, the nature of an inroad from neutrals or enemies may be anticipated:—

"The very first that obliged us to make use of our arms were the Marquis of Huntly's* own men of Badenoch. They had been at Aberdeen getting arms, some forty or thereabout, with their officer, Thomas Gordon, a proud and saucy rascal. They, coming up the north side of the water of Dee, came to Aboyne, and presented themselves upon the Peat Hill; and Thomas Gordon, leaving the rest there, did come with three others to the gate, which I made to be kept fast. I sent Thomas Cordonier, the porter, to the gate to ask what they desired. Thomas, the officer, answered boldly that they would lodge in the house, because they were my lord's men, and the house was also his; and that the night before they had lodged in the place of Drum; which I knew to be false, for the laird of Drum was not a man to lodge such rascals in his house. When the porter told me this so insolent answer, I did go to the gate; for I had the key in my pocket, and did not give it to the porter, fearing that he might be so simple as to let them in, and we should have had more pain to put them out than to hold them out. I did take with me six good fellows, every one with his sword at his side and a light gun in his hand, and placed them all on one side of the alley that goes from the outer gate, betwixt two walls to the court, every one three or four spaces from another, and made them turn their faces and the mouths of their guns a slanting way, not right to the port, nor to the wall over against them, but a middle way betwixt them both, that they might see both at once. * *

"When I had placed them thus, and encouraged them, I did go to the gate with a bended pistol in my hand; and before I did open the wicket, I told them to retire themselves, all but one, to speak to me: they did so. Thomas Gordon only stayed; the rest were retired only the matter of ten paces, ready to rush in if he could have thrust up the wicket fully. Then I did open it a little, so that he might see my soldiers in the alley. Before he did see them, I asked them what they did come here to seek! He very confidently said, We will see my lady, who we know will give us money, and lodge us; and with that was pressing in his shoulder; and I, seeing his impudence, said, As you love your life, stir not to win in, otherwise I will discharge my pistol in your heart; and you shall not see my lady, nor get anything from her, unless it be meat and drink without the gate; but none of you shall come within it, and go out again living. Sir, said he, we are my lord's men, and this house is his, and why may we not lodge in it? Have you an order from my lord, says I, to lodge here? Let me see his order. Sir, it is my lord's will that we lodge in his land. Then go seek his land, and lodge in it; for he hath no land nor house here so long as my lady liveth; but if my lord were dwelling here himself, durst you present yourselves to this gate to lodge with him? No, said he, we must respect my lord. You base fellow, said I, should not ladies be respected as much as lords, and more! But you have not so much honesty as to respect anybody. But put in your head, and see how we are prepared to receive you; and tell your neighbors that you shall get no

other money here than that which shall come out of these guns, nor lodging, unless it be graves to bury you; and therefore retire yourself, that I may shut the gate. He retired malcontented; and my lady did send meat and drink at the foot of the Peat Hill, forbidding them to live upon her tenants, but bade them lodge in taverns, paying what they should take; otherwise, they should not go far unpunished. They did so, and went away the next day peaceably."

The next visit was from a party of the clan Cameron, who were at first perplexed by the diplomatic skill of Blackhall, but had subsequently to yield to his warlike prowess. The marauders commenced operations by plundering a tenant's house.

"So we marched with a dozen of guns, eight pistols, and my big carabine. Before we went out at the gate, I told them what order I desired to be kept, which was this: we must seek by all means to surprise them in the house plundering; and to do it, we must march as the Highlanders do, every one after another, without any words among us."

Blackhall then gives all the necessary orders to his men as to where they were to place themselves, so as to guard both door and windows; and says, "How soon we were in the court, I said with a loud voice, Every one to his post; which was done in the twinkling of an eye. Then I went to the door, thinking to break it up with my foot; but it was a thick double door, and the lock very strong. Whilst I was at the door, one of them did come to bolt it; and I, hearing him at it, did shoot a pistol at him. He said afterwards that the ball did pass through the hair of his head: whether he said true or not, I know not. I did go from the door to the windows, and back again, still encouraging them, and praying them at the windows to hold their eyes still upon our enemies, and to kill such as would lay their hands to a weapon; and to those at the door to have their guns ever ready to discharge at such as would mean to come forth without my leave; and still I threatened to burn the house and them all in it, if they would not render themselves at my discretion; which they were loath to do, until they saw the light bundles of straw that I had kindled to throw upon the thatch of the house; although I did not intend to do it, nor burn our friends with our foes. But if Malcolm Dorward, and his wife and servants, and his son John Dorward, and John Cordonier, all of whom the Highlanders had lying in bonds by them, had been out, I would not have made any scruple to have burnt the house and all the Highlanders within it, to give a terror to others who would be so brutal as to oppress ladies who never wronged them.

"They, seeing the light of the burning straw coming in at the windows, and the keepers of the windows bidding them surrender themselves before they be burnt, called for quarter. I told them they should not get other quarter but my discretion; unto which, if they would submit themselves faithfully, they would find the better quarter; if not, be at their hazard. Thereupon I bade their captain come and speak with me all alone, with his gun under his arm, and the stock foremost; but if any did press to follow him, they should kill both him and them who should press to follow him. He did come out as I ordained, and trembled as the leaf of a tree. I believe he thought we would kill him there. I did take his gun from

* The deceased Lord Aboyne was son to this great noble, the chief of the clan Gordon.

him, and discharged it, and laid it down upon the earth by the side of the house. Then, after I had threatened him, and reproached their ingratitude, who durst trouble my lady or her tenants, who was, and yet is, the best friend that their chief Donald Cameron hath; for, said I, he will tell you how I and another man of my lady's went to him where he was hiding himself with his cousin Ewan Cameron, in my lady's land, and brought them in croup to Aboyne, where they were kept secretly for three weeks, until their enemies the Covenanters had left off the seeking of them; and you, unthankful beasts as you are, have rendered a displeasure to my lady for her goodness toward you. He pretended ignorance of that courtesy done to his chief." Blackhall then made him swear that all that had been plundered from the tenants should be restored, and what had been consumed should be paid for; and also "made him swear by the soul of his father that neither he, nor none whom he could hinder, should ever hereafter trouble or molest my lady or any of her tenants." He then ordered every man separately to come out and take the same oath.

"They did all come out severally, and took the same oath as I had commanded them; and as they did come to me, I discharged their guns, to the number of six or eight-and-forty, which made the tenants convene to us from the parts where the shots were heard; so that, before they had all come out, we were nearly as many as they, armed with swords, and targets, and guns. When they had all made their oaths to me, I ranked our people like two hedges, five spaces distant from one another's rank, and but one pace every man from another in that same rank, and turned the mouths of their guns and their faces one toward another, so as the Highlanders might pass, two and two together, betwixt their ranks: they passed so from the door of the hall in which they were, to the place where their guns were lying all empty. They trembled passing, as if they had been in a fever quartern." He and his men then saw the marauders fairly off Lady Aboyne's lands, and, returning to Aboyne, "told my lady the event of our siege, who was very joyful that there was no blood shed on either side."

The state of letter-writing is fully disclosed by the fact, that, in the space of eleven and a half years, Lady Aboyne had only received two letters, and these were from two of her sisters. Indeed, she appears to have lived a most lonely, desolate life. At her death, all her care seems to have been that her daughter, her only child, might be brought up in the Catholic religion. For this purpose she had previously charged Blackhall with the care of her; and manfully did he redeem the pledge, as we find related in the chapter entitled "The Good Offices done to Madame de Gordon, now Dame D'Attour to Madame; by Gilbert Blackhall, priest"—which we shall make the subject of a separate paper.

The leading features in Father Blackhall's history, at least the sole ground on which his memory has been resuscitated by the printing of a substantial quarto volume, is the services he performed to "three noble ladies," as they are minutely set forth by himself. In the preceding article we have given whatever appeared curious or entertaining in his intercourse with the second of his noble employers. We now examine the third book of his circumstantial history, in the hope that

it may provide some further incidents worthy of notice.

His former patroness, the widowed and lovely Lady Aboyne, on her deathbed earnestly recommended to Blackhall's protection her daughter, the Lady Henrietta Gordon. It is in the form of a letter to this lady that Blackhall describes his efforts to accomplish her mother's dying exhortation. His main object was to secure an appointment for the young lady in the household of the queen of France, the French court being then an asylum in which many of the decayed or oppressed aristocracy of Scotland found refuge. To pass over from the north of Scotland to France was a journey accompanied by no small array of perils in the early part of the seventeenth century; and it was not the less so, that the country was now raging from end to end with the troubles arising from the Covenant. The father had not proceeded many miles, before he encountered a rather formidable adventure. Along the northwest border of Aberdeenshire, where it marches with Banffshire, there is a wide, desolate moor, stretching over many miles of country to the foot of the mountain mass called the Buck of the Cabrach. It is a wild, dreary district at the present day, differing probably but slightly in its outward features from its state in Blackhall's time, however different may be the guests one would find in the primitive inn of Rhynie, which, when we last partook of its hospitalities, had as venerable an air as if it had been the actual house in which the following scene occurred. The narrative is, by the way, remarkable as illustrating the antiquity of *Finnan haddies*, which must have been a highly esteemed dish; otherwise they would not, as in this instance, have been conveyed inland nearly forty miles from the place where they were cured.

"Passing by the moir of Rhynie," says Blackhall, "I intended to give my horse a measure of oats there, because I had eight miles to ride over the Cushnie Hills, as wild a piece of ground as is in all Britain." He then inquires of a man coming out of the inn if he would get good oats there; and "the unhappy rascal answering, said, Yes, sir; and good ale and beer also; but did not tell me the house was full of men, as drunk as men could be."

"I entered in the court, suspecting nothing; and as I descended from my horse, a gentleman, called John Gordon, son to Leichesten, did embrace me very kindly. He was exceedingly drunk."

Blackhall then enters into the hall with him, which hall he describes as being "full of soldiers, as drunk as beasts, and their captain, William Gordon of Tilliangus, was little better;" adding, "that Tilliangus had got a patent to list a company for the then holy, but now cursed, Covenant; and John Gordon of Leicheston was his lieutenant; and hinting that every covenanting man was then more loyal than the king himself."

Blackhall, when he went into the hall, kept his valise in his own hand, because there was in it a suit of mass clothes, which might have discovered him; and as he was about to salute the company, "the captain, in a commanding way, said, Who are you, sir? which did presently heat my blood. And as I thought he spoke disdainfully to me, I answered in that same tone, saying, This is a question indeed, sir, to have been asked at my footman, if you had seen him coming in to you. He said it was a civil demand. I said it might pass for

such to a valet, but not to a gentleman. He said it was civil, and I said it was not. Leicheston seeing us both very hot, and ready to come to blows, taking me by the hand, said, Go with me, sir, to a chamber, and let this company alone;" to which Blackhall agrees; but the captain follows them, refuses to drink with them, but sits down, and again reiterates his demand, when Blackhall tells him that, if at first the request had been made with kindness, it would have been complied with, but having been made in a disdainful manner, and refused, he could not now with honor grant it, lest it should seem that fear, not complaisance, had been the cause; adding, "And I am resolved not to do anything prejudicial to my honor, neither for fear of death nor hope of reward; but at the next meeting, whensoever it is, I shall freely tell you, for then I hope our party will not be so unequal as it is now, and therefore will not then be ascribed to fear or baseness, as it is now."

"With this answer he went from us to his company; and, as we thought (that is, Leicheston and I,) if not contented, at least paid with reason. In the mean time Leicheston did call for Finnan haddocks (or fish like whittings, but bigger and firmer.) The mistress did give four to her servant to roast for us. When they were roasted, the captain did take them from her, and ate them up, with his soldiers. The servant came and told us that the captain would not suffer her to roast any for us, nor bring us those she had roasted for us. Whereupon I said to the mistress, in great anger, Goodwife, I pray you give me some haddocks, and I will go into your hall and roast them, or some better thing for them, for I will not be so braved by your captain. My money is as good as his, and therefore I will have haddocks for my money, or know wherefore not. She said, You shall have, sir, but you shall not go in among them who are bent to kill you. I pray God deliver my house from murder. I would give all I have in the world to have you safe out of my house. I shall go and roast the haddocks, and bring them to you myself; which she did, and we did eat them, and drink to the health of one another without any trouble; for our resolution was taken, to sell our skins at the dearest rate that we could, if it behoved us to die; for Leicheston had already sworn to die or live with me."

The captain is then represented as returning to them, sitting down and renewing his first demand, to which he receives the same answer, and departs in great wrath to his soldiers. Then Leicheston's servant comes and tells his master, in Irish, that they were making ready to compel Blackhall to tell who he was, or kill him; upon which Leicheston and Blackhall take measures for their reception. But the captain having delayed to come, Blackhall sent Leicheston to show him that it would be a blot against his honor to bring twenty men against two, and offering rather to fight with him hand to hand. Whereupon the captain was highly delighted with his courage, and said, "I did never meet with a man of greater resolution, wherefore I shall honor him wheresoever I shall see him; and tell him I need not fight combats to show my courage: it is well enough known in this country where I live, and I believe so be his where he is known." And shortly after the captain came to Blackhall, and said, "I am come to crave your pardon for the affront that we have done. Good sir, said I, be pleased to change the

name, and call it wrong, but not affront; for a man who is resolved to die in defending his own honor, may receive wrong indeed, but not an affront; and as to me, I never yet received an affront, nor do I think to be so base as ever to receive any." Then, after further demonstrations of cordiality between Blackhall and the captain, the soldiers are brought in unarmed, to testify their friendship also; and Blackhall says, "I did take each of them by the hand very kindly, and drank to them, and they to me. They were in all five-and-twenty; and a minister called Mr. Patrick Galloway, who had been lately banished out of Ireland, in the insurrection that the Irish made against the Scotch in the north of Ireland; whereby ye may judge if I would not have been a good prize to these soldiers of the unholy covenant. They would have been better rewarded for taking a priest nor [than] for a lord." He then diverges to the praise of John Gordon of Leicheston, who had stood by him so staunchly in his extremity, saying, "He was a very gallant gentleman, and as personable a man as was of any name in Scotland; tall, well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, which his generous heart did not belie. For without any other obligation, but only because he did casually meet me in the court, and civilly did bring me in by the hand to their company, he resolved to share with me of life or death, and did embrace my cause as if it had been his own; showing no less interest for my life than he would have done for his own."

When the worthy father had accomplished the object of his mission, he joyfully prepared to leave France; but if, in his native country, he met with dissipated, quarrelsome people, he was exposed in that where he was now sojourning to greater danger from a multitudinous array of robbers. "I passed on my way," says he, "asking in the villages, as I passed, if they did hear anything of voleurs [robbers] on the great way. Their answer was commonly, It is marvellous how you have escaped them, for the way is all covered with them. These were no comfortable news to me, who had all my money upon me in gold." But if it was practicable for one man so to fortify himself as to be impregnable to multitudes, Blackhall had done so. Behold his account of his travelling arsenal. "I had behind my saddle a great cloak-bag, in which were my new clothes and cloak, and a new hat; and at the top of my saddle two Dutch pistols, with wheelworks; and at my two sides two Scotch pistols, with snap-works; and a very wide musket, charged with nine pistol balls, hanging from my neck; and a good sword at my side." It was not to be wondered at that, so accoutred, robber after robber passed him unmolested; but it must be remembered, that we have only his own word for the statement, that they had ever any design to meddle with him. The following is one of his escapes:—

"When I was passing Fleurie, the taverners, as their custom is, cried, Monsieur, we have good wine and good oats; will you give your horse a measure of oats? to whom I answered, My horse hath dined, and myself also: I will not light down. Then a strong, young fellow did come out of a tavern, who said to me, Monsieur, it is very dangerous for you to go through the wood alone in these times: if you will stay but a little, my master is in the tavern drinking a chopin with another gentleman; they will convoy you through the wood. I answered him, saying, I do not fear

any man, neither in the wood nor out of it; and therefore I will not stay one moment for any company. I suspected that they might be voleurs; and he also then said, Since you have so good courage, I will go with you. The way, said I, is free to all men. But why do you not wait upon your master, to come with him, seeing, as you say, the danger is so great? Oh, said he, they are two, well mounted, and fear no voleurs. I believe you, said I. So we went on until we entered into the wood, and then my fellow redoubled his pace, to come nearer to me; which I seeing, turned the mouth of my musket towards him, and commanded him to stay there. Wherefore that? said he. Because I will so, said I: thou shalt not make me thy prey. Therefore, if thou advance but one foot, I shall discharge my musket into thy belly. He stood, and said, You need not fear, having so good a baton in thy hand. I fear no man, said I; but I will make thee fear if thou remove one foot forward until I be out of the wood. In the mean time I was ever advancing forward, and mine eye towards him. So, seeing that I did hold my gun bent towards him, he turned his back to me, and went into the thick of the wood, and I did not see him any more. Then the peasant, who all the time had kept a good distance from me, but so as he did both see and hear what was passing betwixt us, said, God be blessed, sir, who inspired you with His grace to distrust this voleur, and hold him back from you; for if you had suffered him to come near you, he would undoubtedly have got hold of your clothes, and pulled you down from your horse, and stabbed you. Behold, he is hiding himself in the wood: you have saved your own life and mine; for how soon he had killed you, he would have killed me also, for fear I might have discovered him hereafter."

On his way back to Scotland, the father was wrecked on the coast of Holy Island; and he gives the following most expressive account of the state of society among a people who profit by shipwrecks:—"The country people convened the next day, to take the goods which the sea had cast to the land; amongst which there was a caseful of castor-hats, with gold hat-bands, for which the minister of the parish, a Scotsman, named Lindsay, and a gentleman dwelling near the island, did fight; and the minister did sore wound the gentleman; and the common people did get away the case, and broke it, and every one took away what he could get of it, whilst the church and the state were fighting for it in vain." He then mentions, "that the tempest having ceased, we went a walking in the island, and did go to the governor, Robin Rugg, a notable good fellow, as his great red nose, full of pimples, did give testimony. He made us breakfast with him, and gave us very good sack, and did show us the tower in which he lived, which is no strength at all, but like the watch-towers upon the coast of Italy. We did take him with us to our inn, and made him the best cheer that we could. He was a very civil and jovial gentleman, and good company; and among the rest of his merry discourses, he told us how the common people there do pray for ships which they see in danger. They all sit down on their knees, and hold up their hands, and say, very devoutly, Lord, send her to us; God, send her to us! You, said he, seeing them upon their knees, and their hands joined, do think that they are praying for your safety; but their minds are far from that. They pray God, not to save you, or send

you to the port, but to send you to them by shipwreck, that they may get the spoil of her. And to show that this is their meaning, said he, if the ship come well to the port, or eschew shipwreck, they get up in anger, crying, The devil stick her, she is away from us!"

After a multitude of difficulties and dangers, which we cannot follow out in detail, the father returned with his ward to France; and here he found a new impediment in her intractable, haughty temper. With true Highland pride, the damsel thought that crowned heads were her only earthly superiors; and in the palaces of the French nobility, as different from her own rude home as a peer's mansion in London is from a farmer's cottage at the present day, her Highland blood boiled against the etiquettes and deferences to which the highest of the young nobility of France gave implicit obedience. Being placed in the family of the Countess of Brienne, to be trained for attendance at court, we are told that "Both the count and countess, for the queen's sake, were very civil to her; but the more they honored her, the less did she respect them. Whether that proceeded from pride, thinking that and much more was due unto her, or from inadvertency, not reflecting upon their civilities, which is called a kind of brutality, I know not; God knoweth. But what I have seen with my own eyes, and heard with mine ears, that I write here, and nothing more; for I have seen my Lady of Brienne sit in her own carriage, without her gate, upon the street, fretting a whole quarter of an hour for Mademoiselle de Gordon, sending and sending over and over again for her to go to the mass; and which did highly displease me, when she was at the carriage, stepped into it, not opening her mouth to make any excuse for making the lady stay for her, no more than if she had been mistress of the carriage, and the lady but only her servant. This I have, with much grief, seen more than two or three times; and that lady did complain to me of her as often as I did go to see her."

We must conclude with a specimen of the extremities to which the damsel's pride reduced her, notwithstanding the anxiety of her courtly friends to serve her; premising, for the reader's comfort, that the whole ended in her being received into the queen's household.

"When they arrived at St. Germain, the queen knew not how to dispose of her, because the number of her filles [maids of honor] was complete, and Madame de Brienne would not meddle with her any more. The queen told her that she, having no vacant place for her, would place her with Madame la Princesse. She answered her majesty very courageously, saying she had never done anything to displease her relatives, who, she knew, would be highly displeased, hearing that she, who came to France to wait upon her majesty, had descended to serve the Princess of Condé; and prayed her majesty to excuse her, if she refused to do what her relatives would disavow in her. The queen did not take it ill of her, this her generous answer, but did pray monsieur the prince, and madame, to keep her with them as a friend, until she could take her to herself, which at the present she could not do. They, to oblige the queen, did accept of her as a friend, and made her sit at their own table, where she remained in that posture until the princes—to wit, Condé, Conti, and Longueville—were sent prisoners to Bois de Vincienne; and then the princess would

not keep her any longer, but, a few days after their imprisonment, sent her to Madame de Brienne in a sedan; and Madame de Brienne would not receive her, but sent her to my Lord Aubeny, who sent her back to Madame de Brienne, and bade tell her that he had no woman in his house, and therefore could not receive her without disparagement of her honor and his. Madame de Brienne would not let her come within her house, but sent for Madame de Ferrand, a councillor's lady, and prayed her to take the young lady in her carriage, and deliver her to Madame de la Flotte in the Palais Royal. When they arrived there, it was near nine o'clock at night. Madame de la Flotte, seeing them come to her at that time of night, and thinking that this lady—to wit, Madame de Ferrand—had been but one of Madame de Brienne's gentlewomen, did claw her up soundly for bringing Mademoiselle de Gordon to her at that time of night." But Madame de la Flotte, when she saw she was mistaken in the lady, asked her pardon, and showed her how she could not possibly receive Mademoiselle de Gordon that night, but would next day; and back she was taken to Madame de Brienne, who, late as the hour was, refused to let her in; and Madame de Ferrand was at last constrained to take her with her to her own house; Blackhall remarking, "So Mademoiselle de Gordon might have learned, by Madame de Brienne's unkindness towards her, how improvident a thing it is to neglect powerful persons, able both to do good and evil."

GAME ALLIGATORS.

Your Alligators are looking up. They have been considered dull, stupid wretches; but are now discovered to have a world of light in them, when properly extracted and kindled: in a word, they are to be killed for their oil. We have almost used up whales, and shall now begin to burn the midnight alligator. An expedition has started from Montreal, for Black Creek, for the fishery. The writer says—

"You know how many of these enormous animals are shot out of wantonness, from the decks of the steamboats that plough our waters. I expect hereafter to hear of laws passed for their protection."

We would do more than protect—we would suggest that they be fed by a regular supply of men, women, and children. We—in merry England here—compare peasants, their wives and families, to our game, our birds and partridges: why should not the folks on the border of Black Creek make alligators game, and so fatten them upon live Indians? But this will come. A sense of the value of alligators is evidently gaining ground.

"We must allow them to be killed only at a proper season, when they are fattest, and not permit their destruction at the season when they lay their eggs."

Thus, doubtless, there will be alligator preserves; and to poach alligators' eggs in the south, will be made as criminal as to poach the eggs of pheasants in the west. Foreign states besought Benthams for constitutions—why do not the folks of Montreal apply to Mr. Grantley Berkeley for a short, concise, stringent law—or a set of laws, like a set of razors—one for every week-day, and a particularly sharp one for Sundays, for the protection of alligators? Surely he might work

into a code his grand panacea—his never-failing "punch on the head"—with the most beneficent effect.

"The alligator is a formidable-looking creature, it is true, but he is generally harmless. His office is to prowl in the sluggish waters of this southern region, *pick up what he can*, and digest it into excellent oil for the illumination of our houses."

Is not this the perfect type of a penny-a-liner? Are not his looks—his office—his brilliant result, as burning in the columns of the press—all shadowed forth in this? The Egyptians were a wise people. We call them barbarous idolaters for worshipping the crocodile. They put jewelled rings in his ears, and built a city—Crocodyopolis—in his honor. A hideous, ravenous, filthy wretch he seems to us; but the Egyptians, doubtless, knew of his oil, and treating him like an unacknowledged genius, worshipped him for his hidden light.—*Punch*.

A "FORLORN HOPE."—Marshal Bugeaud has hit upon a new expedient for capturing Abd-el-kader. He has taken his dog. The cunning Marshal evidently thinks that his only chance of finding out Abd-el-kader's hiding place is by following in the track of his dog. It would make a fine picture for Versailles—"The French army marching to Victory," and a poodle at the head of it.—*Punch*.

THE "APPEALS IN THE LORDS."—A foreigner would be very much struck by the air of calm decency that pervades the hearing of appeals in the house of lords. Three peers are sufficient to form a house, and these three are not required to keep awake during the proceedings; so that the chairman generally goes off first, into the arms of Somnus, and his example is speedily followed by his two supporters. Lord Brougham, who never will go to sleep under any circumstances, generally smuggles the last new novel under his papers, and amuses himself with a "quiet read;" or, while pretending to take notes, he is not unfrequently rattling off some "copy" for one of the numerous works that he always has in the hands of the printer. The counsel go quietly on with their speeches, utterly regardless of the inattention they experience; and the whole affair has an aspect of sober quietude that is peculiarly imposing on all who witness it. We shall look in some day, and give a *verbatim* report of the proceedings.—*Punch*.

REFORM OF THE LAW.—Chancellors, ex-chancellors, and queen's counsel, are members of a society for the reform of the law. They meet and denounce the wickedness of costs, and then hide away to practice. This reminds us of a passage in Borrow's *Gipsies of Spain*:—"And now, my dears," says the head of the family to the younger branches—"now you have said your prayers, go out and steal."—*Punch*.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO FIGHT.—The State of Louisiana has passed an act for the protection of all debtors who are willing to take arms against Mexico; thus offering a premium to those heroes who, at home, are not "worth powder and shot."—*Punch*.

DETERMINED SUICIDE.—Sir Robert Peel intends to persevere in endeavoring to carry the Coercion Bill.—*Punch*.

MR. JEAMES AGAIN.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As newmarus inquiries have been maid both at my privit ressdence, The Wheel of Fortune Otel, and at your Hoffis, regarding the fate of that dear babby, James Hangelo, whose primmiture dissappearns caused such hagnies to his distracted parents, I must begg, dear sir, the permission to ockupy a part of your valuable collams once more, and hease the public mind about my blessid boy.

"Wictims of that nashnal cuss, the Broken Gage, me and Mrs. Plush was left in the train to Cheltenham, sougtring from that most disagreeble of complaints, a halmost broken Art. The skreems of Mrs. Jeames might be said almost to out-Y the squeel of the dying, as we rusht into that fashnable Spaw, and my pore Mary Hann found it was not Baby, but Bundles I had in my lapp.

"When the old Dowidger, Lady Bareacres, who was waiting heagerly at the train, that owing to that abawminable brake of Gage, the luggitch, her Ladyship's Cherrybrandy box, the cradle for Lady Hangelina's baby, the lace, crockary, and chany, was rejuiced to one immortal smash; the old cat howld at me and pore dear Mary Hann, as if it was huss, and not the infunle Brake of Gage, was to blame; and as if we ad no misfortuns of our hown to deplaw. She bust out about my stupid imparence; called Mary Hann a good for nothing creecher, and wep and abewsd and took on about her broken Chayny Bowl, a great deal more than she did about a dear little Christian child. 'Don't talk to me about your bratt of a babby,' (seshe;) 'where's my bowl!—where's my medsan?—where's my bewtifille Pint lace!—All in rewins through your stupididaty, you brute, you!'

"Bring your haction against the Great Western, Maam,' says I, quite riled by this crewel and unfealing hold wixen. 'Ask the pawters at Gloster, why your goods is spiled—it's not the fast time they've been asked the question. Git the gage haltered against the nex time you send for medsan—and meanwild buy some at the Plow—they keep it very good and strong there, I'll be bound. Has for huss, we're a going back to the cussid station at Gloster, in such of our blessid child.'

"You don't mean to say, young woman,' seshee, 'that you're not going to Lady Hangelina: what's her dear boy to do? who's to nuss it?'

"You nuss it, Maam,' says I. 'Me and Mary Hann return this momint by the Fly.' And so (whishing her a suckastie ajew) Mrs. Jeames and I lep into a one oss weakle, and told the driver to go like mad back to Gloster.

"I can't describe my pore gals hagny juring our ride. She sat in the carridge as silent as a mile-stone, and as madd as a march Air. When we got to Gloster she sprang hout of it as wild as a Tigris, and rusht to the station, up to the fatle Bench.

"My child, my child,' shreex she, in a hoss, hot voice. 'Where's my infant? a little bewtifille child, with blue eyes—dear Mr. Policeman, give it to me—a thousand guineas for it.'

"Faix, Maam,' says the man, a Hirishman, 'and the divvle a babby have I seen this day except thirteen of my own—and you're welcome to any one of them, and kindly.'

"As if his babby was equal to ours, as my darling Mary Hann said, afterwards. All the station

was scrouging round us by this time—pawters & clark and refreshmint people and all. 'What's this year row about that there babby?' at last says the Inspector, stepping hup. I thought my wife was going to jump into his harms. 'Have you got him?' says she.

"Was it a child in a blue cloak?' says he.

"And blue eyes?' says my wife.

"I put a label on him and sent him on to Bristol; he's there by this time. The Guard of the Mail took him and put him in a letter-box,' says he: 'he went 20 minutes ago. We found him on the broad gauge line, and sent him on by it, in course,' says he. 'And it'll be a caution to you, young woman, for the future, to label your children along with the rest of your luggage.'

"If my piguniary means had been such as once they was, you may imadgine I'd have had a speshle train and been hofflike smook. As it was, we was oblidged to wait 4 mortial hours for the next train (4 ears they seemed to us,) and then away we went.

"My boy! my little boy!' says poor, choking Mary Hann, when we got there. 'A parcel in a blue cloak,' says the man! 'Nobody claimed him here, and so we sent him back by the mail. An Irish nurse here gave him some supper, and he's at Paddington by this time. Yes,' says he, looking at the clock, 'he's been there these ten minutes.'

"But seeing my poor wife's distracted histarriple state, this good-naturd man says, 'I think, my dear, there's a way to ease your mind. We'll know in five minutes how he is.'

"Sir,' says she, 'don't make sport of me.'

"No, my dear, we'll telegraph him.'

"And he began hoppelarating on that singlar and ingenus electrickle invention, which aniliates time, and carries intellagence in the twinkling of a peg-post.

"I'll ask,' says he, 'for the child marked G. W. 273.'

"Back comes the telegraph, with the sign 'All right.'

"Ask what he's doing, sir,' said my wife, quite amazed. Back comes the answer in a Jiffy—

"C. R. Y. I. N. G.'

"This caused all the bystanders to laugh excep my pore Mary Hann, who pull'd a very sad face.

"The good-naterd feller presently said, 'he'd have another trile;' and what d'ye think was the answer? I'm blest if it was n't—

"P. A. P.'

"He was eating pap! There's for you—there's a rogue for you—there's a March of Intelleck! Mary Hann smiled now for the fast time. 'He'll sleep now,' says she. And she sat down with a full heart.

"If hever that good-naterd Shoopintendent comes to London he need never ask for his skore at the Wheel of Fortune Hotel, I promise you—where me and my wife and James Hangelo now is; and where only yesterday, a gent came in and drew this pictur of us in our bar.

"And if they go on breaking gages; and if the child, the most precious luggage of the Henglishman, is to be bundled about in this year wavy, why it won't be for want of warning, both from Professor Harris, the Commissioner, and from

"My dear Mr. Punch's obeasjent servant,

"JEAMES PLUSH."

From the Art-Union.

THE TALBOTYPE.—SUN-PICTURES.

THROUGH the courtesy of H. Fox Talbot, Esq., we are enabled to present, with this number of the Art-Union, an example of the "sun-pictures," of the method of the production of which this accomplished gentleman is the inventor. It will be remembered that we have from time to time called attention to these truly wonderful representations, in our notices of Mr. Talbot's work, "The Pencil of Nature." By the public these "sun-pictures" are still misapprehended—still "misnomered;" we shall accordingly, in this notice, show what they are not, and endeavor to explain what they are, as it is yet far from generally accepted that they result from the action of light alone, and are not produced by some *leger-de-main* of art. On their first appearance, artists who were not as yet cognizant of the discovery were utterly at a loss to pronounce upon them—they could, at once, understand that they were characterized by nothing like human handling; there was no resemblance to *touch*, for the eye to rest upon—they resembled nothing that had ever been done, either in the broad or narrow styles of water-color washing—they had nothing in common with mezzotinto—nothing with lithography—nothing with any known method of engraving. By the artist all this was determinable, but still the main question was unsolved. By the public they were considered drawings, or some modification of lithography, or mezzotinto—and this is still extensively believed. It cannot be understood that these are veritable *Phæbi labores*—that no two are exactly alike, and that to copy them surpasses all human ingenuity, inasmuch as they are a transfer to paper of the masses and tracery of light and shade by a means utterly inimitable by the ordinary resources of art. On every print or plate, of what kind soever, the trace of manipulation is perceptible; but an examination of a sun-picture by a magnifying glass serves only to render the problem more difficult of solution, if the mind of the inquirer be occupied with art without reference to nature.

A due consideration of these productions suggests to us at once those works which are essentially the triumphs of the Dutch school—as the nearest approach which the labors of the human hand have ever effected to the sun-picture. No detailed comparison can be instituted; but we are here taught—and there is no appeal from the precept—that finish is by no means incompatible with breadth. How skeptical soever the eye may be, there is nothing inharmonious in nature; therefore the closest imitation of nature is the nearest approach to the beautiful; and she is, consequently, outraged in proportion to any amount of discordant hardness which may exist in professed representations of truth.

These photogenic* drawings are not extensively known in proportion to the importance of the discovery. The picture which accompanies this number of the Art-Union, as an example, will, to those to whom the art is entirely new, afford some idea of the style in which these productions are brought forward, and will, at the same time, support the observations we have already made on the subject. To meet the inquiries to which the in-

imitable representation will naturally give rise, we supply a brief account of the process and its invention.

Early in October, 1833, the inventor, H. Fox Talbot, Esq., F. R. S., was amusing himself in sketching, by the aid of Wollaston's camera lucida, passages of the enchanting scenery of the shores of the Lake of Como. But the results effected by this means were unsatisfactory, inasmuch as to lead to the conclusion that the use of the instrument required a certain knowledge of drawing, which the operator unfortunately did not possess. The rejection of this instrument by Mr. Talbot induced him to make trial of another instrument, the *camera obscura*, which prompted the wish that the beautiful imagery which it displays could be made a fixed and permanent picture or impression upon the paper. Reflecting on the known chemical influence of light, it occurred to Mr. Talbot that a certain action might be exerted upon paper in a manner so entirely subject to the degrees of light and shade by which it was promoted, as to bear a strict resemblance to the forms on which the light fell; and "although," says Mr. Talbot, "I knew the fact from chemical books that nitrate of silver was changed or decomposed by light, still I had never seen the experiment tried, and therefore I had no idea whether the action was a rapid or a slow one—a point, however, of the utmost importance, since, if it were a slow one, my theory might prove but a philosophic dream."

Early in the year 1834, Mr. Talbot began to reduce his speculations to experiment by employing a solution of the nitrate of silver for the purpose of preparing the paper; but the result was unsatisfactory, and not less so was an experiment with the chloride of silver already formed. The effect was then tried of the formation of the chloride on the paper, by first washing the paper with a strong solution of salt, and afterwards with nitrate of silver; but this proceeding was not more satisfactory than the others.

In the course of numerous experiments, Mr. Talbot discovered that the paper was rendered more sensitive by the employment of a weaker solution of salt than he had before used, having hitherto erred in the formation of a too perfect chloride; whereas that which was really necessary to the desiderated end was an imperfect chloride. The result of this step was a facility in obtaining distinct and very pleasing images of such things as leaves, lace, and other flat objects of complicated forms and outlines, by exposing them to the light of the sun; but the paper was not yet sufficiently sensitive for the purpose of obtaining pictures with the *camera obscura*.

At Geneva, in the autumn of 1834, Mr. Talbot prosecuted the inquiry by varying the experiments in many ways. His attention was directed to iodide of silver by a remark of Sir H. Davy, as to a superior susceptibility in the iodide; but, in making the trial, the result was the contrary of the statement of Sir H. Davy—that the iodide of silver was more sensitive to light than the chloride. It proved itself not only less sensitive than the chloride, but did not in any way respond to the influence of the strongest sunshine, but would retain its original tint (a pale straw color) for any length of time unchanged in the sun. By this fact the operator was convinced that little dependence could be placed on the statements of chemical writers with regard to this particular subject—in fact, those aids and resources which are available

* The name photogenic drawing, or photography, was invented by Mr. Talbot, having been previously unknown.

in other inquiries were here altogether wanting, so that every step towards the discovery, and in its progress to perfection, is, it may be truly said, the result of the unassisted labors of Mr. Talbot, to whom alone be the whole honor.

Although the experiment was not according to the observation of Sir H. Davy, the fact of the iodide of silver being insensible to light was of immediate utility: for the iodide of silver being found to be insensible to light, and the chloride being easily convertible into the iodide by immersion into iodide of potassium, it followed that a picture made with chloride could be fixed by dipping it into a bath of the alkaline iodide.

"This process of fixation" (extracted from the "Pencil of Nature"—Mr. Talbot's work already mentioned) "was a simple one, and it was sometimes very successful. The disadvantages to which it was liable did not manifest themselves until a later period, and arose from a new and unexpected cause, namely, that when a picture is so treated, although it is permanently secured against the darkening effect of the solar rays, yet it is exposed to a contrary or whitening effect from them; so that after the lapse of some days, the dark parts of the picture begin to fade, and gradually the whole picture becomes obliterated, and is reduced to the appearance of a uniform pale yellow sheet of paper. A good many pictures, no doubt, escape this fate; but, as they all seem liable to it, the fixing process by iodine must be considered as not sufficiently certain to be retained in use as a photographic process, except when employed with several careful precautions, which it would be too long to speak of in this place."

During the summer of 1835, Mr. Talbot renewed his attempts to execute pictures of buildings with the camera obscura; and having communicated to the paper a greater degree of sensibility by means of repeated alternate washes of salt and silver, and using it in a moist state, the time for obtaining a representation with the camera obscura on a bright day was reduced to ten minutes. But these were small, and, although others of larger size were obtainable, a much greater amount of patience was necessary for their production; and, moreover, they were less perfect than the smaller ones, as it was difficult to keep the instrument steady for any great length of time pointing at the same object; and, the paper being employed in a moist state, the action was not sufficiently uniform.

At the close of 1838, Mr. Talbot discovered a fact of a new kind, of which he thus speaks:—"Having spread a piece of silver leaf on a pane of glass, and thrown a particle of iodine upon it, I observed that colored rings formed themselves around the central particle, especially if the glass was slightly warmed. The colored rings I had no difficulty in attributing to the formation of infinitely thin layers or strata of iodide of silver; but a most unexpected phenomenon occurred when the silver plate was brought into the light, by placing it near a window; for then the colored rings shortly began to change their colors, and assumed other and quite unusual tints, such as are never seen in the colors of thin plates. For instance, the part of the silver plate which at first shone with a pale yellow color was changed to a dark olive green when brought into the daylight. This change was not very rapid—it was much less rapid than the changes of some of the sensitive papers which I had been in the habit of employing;

and, therefore, after having admired the beauty of this new phenomenon, I laid the specimens by for a time, to see whether they would preserve the same appearance, or would undergo any further alteration." This experiment, as our readers will see, was a curious anticipation of the first part of the Daguerreotype process about six months before Daguerre announced it.

In September, 1840, Mr. Talbot discovered the process first called Calotype (but the name has since been changed by some of his friends into Talbotype.*) By this process the action of light on paper was rendered many hundred times more rapid, allowing portraits to be taken from the life, which could not previously be accomplished. The method of obtaining the Calotype pictures, communicated by Mr. Talbot to the Royal Society, shortly after the discovery is as follows:—

"*Preparation of the Paper.*—Take a sheet of the best writing paper, having a smooth surface, and a close and even texture.

"The water-mark, if any, should be cut off, lest it should injure the appearance of the picture. Dissolve 100 grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in six ounces of distilled water. Wash the paper with this solution with a soft brush, on one side, and put a mark on that side whereby to know it again. Dry the paper cautiously at a distant fire, or else let it dry spontaneously in a dark room. When dry, or nearly so, dip it into a solution of iodide of potassium containing 500 grains of that salt dissolved in one pint of water, and let it stay two or three minutes in this solution. Then dip it into a vessel of water, dry it lightly with blotting paper, and finish drying it at a fire, which will not injure it even if held pretty near; or else it may be left to dry spontaneously.

"All this is best done in the evening by candle-light. The paper so far prepared I call *iodized paper*, because it has a uniform pale yellow coating of iodide of silver. It is scarcely sensitive to light, but, nevertheless, it ought to be kept in a portfolio or a drawer, until wanted for use. It may be kept for any length of time without spoiling or undergoing any change, if protected from the light. This is the first part of the preparation of Calotype paper, and may be performed at any time. The remaining part is best deferred until shortly before the paper is wanted for use.

"When that time is arrived, take a sheet of the iodized paper, and wash it with a liquid prepared in the following manner:—

"Dissolve 100 grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in two ounces of distilled water; add to this solution one sixth of its volume of strong acetic acid. Let this mixture be called A.

"Make a saturated solution of crystallized gallic acid in cold distilled water. The quantity dissolved is very small. Call this solution B.

"When a sheet of paper is wanted for use, mix together the liquids A and B in equal volumes, but only mix a small quantity of them at a time, because the mixture does not keep long without spoiling. I shall call this mixture the *gallo-nitrate of silver*.

"Then take a sheet of iodized paper and wash it over with this gallo nitrate of silver, with a soft brush, taking care to wash it on the side which has

* Specimens of the Talbotype may be procured in great variety of Messrs. Gambart and Co., Berners street, and Messrs. Ackermann and Co., Strand, London; and may be ordered of any respectable printseller in town or country.

been previously marked. This operation should be performed by candle-light. Let the paper rest half a minute, and then dip it into water. Then dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and finally dry it cautiously at a fire, holding it a considerable distance therefrom. When dry, the paper is fit for use. I have named the paper thus prepared Calotype paper, on account of its great utility in obtaining the pictures of objects with the camera obscura. If this paper be kept in a press, it will often retain its qualities in perfection for three months or more, being ready for use at any moment; but this is not uniformly the case, and I therefore recommend that it should be used in a few hours after it has been prepared. If it is used immediately, the last drying may be dispensed with, and the paper may be used moist. Instead of employing a solution of crystallized gallic acid for the liquid B, the *tincture of galls* diluted with water may be used, but I do not think the results are altogether so satisfactory.

Use of the paper.—The Calotype paper is sensitive to light in an extraordinary degree, which transcends a hundred times or more that of any kind of photographic paper hitherto described. This may be made manifest by the following experiment:—Take a piece of this paper, and, having covered half of it, expose the other half to daylight for the space of *one second* in dark cloudy weather in winter. This brief moment suffices to produce a strong impression upon the paper. But the impression is latent and invisible, and its existence would not be suspected by any one who was not forewarned of it by previous experiments.

The method of causing the impression to become visible is extremely simple. It consists in washing the paper once more with the gallo-nitrate of silver, prepared in the way before described, and then warming it gently before the fire. In a few seconds the part of the paper upon which the light has acted begins to darken, and finally grows entirely black, while the other part of the paper retains its whiteness. Even a weaker impression than this may be *brought out* by repeating the wash of gallo-nitrate of silver, and again warming the paper. On the other hand, a stronger impression does not require the warming of the paper, for a wash of the gallo-nitrate suffices to make it visible, without heat, in the course of a minute or two.

A very remarkable proof of the sensitiveness of the Calotype paper is afforded by the fact that it will take an impression from simple moonlight, not concentrated by a lens. If a leaf is laid upon a sheet of the paper, an image of it may be obtained in this way in from a quarter to half an hour.

This paper, being possessed of so high a degree of sensitiveness, is therefore well suited to receive images in the camera obscura. If the aperture of the object-lens is one inch, and the focal length fifteen inches, I find that *one minute** is amply sufficient in summer to impress a strong image upon the paper, of any building upon which the sun is shining. When the aperture amounts to one third of the focal length, and the object is very white, as a plaster bust, &c., it appears to me that *one second* is sufficient to obtain a pretty good image of it.

The images thus received upon the Calotype paper are for the most part invisible impressions.

* Subsequent experiments, during the summer of 1841, showed that *ten seconds* was the proper time under the circumstances above mentioned.

They may be made visible by the process already related, namely, by washing them with the gallo-nitrate of silver, and then warming the paper. When the paper is quite blank, as is generally the case, it is a highly curious and beautiful phenomenon to see the spontaneous commencement of the picture, first tracing out the stronger outlines, and then gradually filling up all the numerous and complicated details. The artist should watch the picture as it develops itself, and when in his judgment it has attained the greatest degree of strength and clearness, he should stop further progress by washing it with the fixing liquid.

The Fixing Process.—To fix the picture, it should be first washed with water, then lightly dried with blotting-paper, and then washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, containing 100 grains of that salt dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water. After a minute or two it should be again dipped in water, and then finally dried. The picture is in this manner very strongly fixed, and with this great advantage, that it remains transparent, and that, therefore, there is no difficulty in obtaining a copy from it. The Calotype picture is a *negative* one, in which the lights of nature are represented by shades; but the copies are *positive*, having the lights conformable to nature. They also represent the objects in their natural position with respect to right and left. The copies may be made upon Calotype paper in a very short time, the invisible impressions being *brought out* in the way already described. But I prefer to make copies upon photographic paper prepared in the way which I originally described in a memoir read to the Royal Society in February, 1839, and which is made by washing the best writing-paper, *first*, with a weak solution of common salt, and, *next*, with a solution of nitrate of silver. Although it takes a much longer time to obtain a copy upon this paper, yet, when obtained, the tints appear more harmonious and pleasing to the eye; it requires in general from three minutes to thirty minutes of sunshine, according to circumstances to obtain a good copy on this sort of photographic paper. The copy should be washed and dried, and the fixing process (which may be deferred to a subsequent day) is the same as that already mentioned. The copies are made by placing the picture upon the photographic paper, with a board below and a sheet of glass above, and pressing the papers into close contact by means of screws or otherwise.

After a calotype picture has furnished several copies, it sometimes grows faint, and no more good copies then can be made from it. But these pictures possess the beautiful and extraordinary property of being susceptible of revival. In order to revive them and restore their original appearance, it is only necessary to wash them again by candlelight with gallo-nitrate of silver, and warm them; this causes all the shades of the picture to darken greatly, while the white parts remain unaffected. The shaded parts of the paper thus acquire an opacity which gives a renewed spirit and life to the copies, of which a second series may now be taken, extending often to a very considerable number. In reviving the picture it sometimes happens that various details make their appearance which had not before been seen, having been latent all the time, yet, nevertheless, not destroyed by their long exposure to sunshine.

I will terminate these observations by stating a few experiments calculated to render the mode of action of the sensitive paper more familiar.

"1. Wash a piece of iodized paper with the gallo-nitrate; expose it to daylight for a second or two, and then withdraw it. The paper will soon begin to darken spontaneously, and will grow quite black.

"2. The same as before, but let the paper be warmed. The blackening will be more rapid in consequence of the warmth.

"3. Put a large drop of the gallo-nitrate on one part of the paper, and moisten another part of it more sparingly, then leave it exposed to a very faint daylight; it will be found that the lesser quantity produces the greater effect in darkening the paper; and, in general, it will be seen that the most rapid darkening takes place at the moment when the paper becomes nearly dry; also, if only a portion of the paper is moistened, it will be observed that the edges or boundaries of the moistened part are more acted on by the light than any other part of the surface.

"4. If the paper, after being moistened with the gallo-nitrate, is washed with water and dried, a slight exposure to daylight no longer suffices to produce so much discoloration; indeed, it often produces none at all. But by subsequently washing it again with the gallo-nitrate, and warming it, the same degree of discoloration is developed as in the other case (experiments 1 and 2.) The dry paper appears, therefore, to be equal or superior, in sensitiveness to the moist; only with this difference, that it receives a *virtual* instead of an *actual* impression from the light, which it requires a subsequent process to develop."

The date of the announcement of Daguerre's discovery, (January, 1839,) being five years after the commencement of the labors of Mr. Talbot, makes it sufficiently clear that, had Daguerre's researches been unsuccessful, the discovery of this other branch of photography had still been secured to the world by those of Mr. Talbot—since the inventions are altogether independent of each other. The announcements in both cases, as we have already stated, were simultaneous, and it was conjectured by the public, before the processes were known, that the means employed were the same; but, when the processes were described, their difference was at once acknowledged. The Daguerreotype is now so well known to the public that it is not necessary, in reference to it, to do more than state a broad difference between it and the Talbotype: for the execution of portraits and pictures by the former process, plates of polished silver are used; while, in the latter, paper is employed, as may be seen in the example which accompanies this notice. The Talbotype is less extensively known than the Daguerreotype, although meriting, at least, an equal publicity: for it may be considered superior to the latter in respect of the material upon which the picture is cast, and fully equal to it in power of detail. Every means has been employed in propagating a knowledge of the Daguerreotype, and its merits have done the rest. On the other hand, the Talbotype has been hitherto only circulated in private societies, and is, consequently, less generally known. We presume, however, that the circulation of the very large number of examples with which Mr. Talbot has supplied us, will have the effect of making many thousands acquainted with it who had previously only heard of it as one of the wonders of the age.

It is now nearly thirteen years since Mr. Talbot commenced his labors, which he has, up to this period, prosecuted with so fortunate and happy a

result; while yet, by the constancy of his exertions, the invention is increasing in excellence; as it is now in his power to execute much more beautiful things than have hitherto been attempted.

In the sixth number of the "Pencil of Nature," a plate is published to show another important application of the photographic art. This is a repetition of a sketch of "Hagar in the Desert," by Francesco Mola, which has been taken from a facsimile executed at Munich: hence we are furnished with indubitable proof that by this means can original sketches of the old masters be illimitably multiplied, with a nicety of execution surpassing any imitative effort of the human hand.

As we have already stated, had M. Daguerre never effected any discovery, we should still have had that of Mr. Talbot. Of each of these inventions the comparative available utilities must not be forgotten: to the former, for his ingenious and persevering experiments, all honor is due; and also to the claims of the latter not an iota less of distinction is to be awarded. In reducing the two inventions to a consideration of their *real* utilities, the preference must be given to the Talbotype. The invention of Daguerre was matured at its announcement: we hear from time to time of improvements, but, on examination, these have never added one truly useful feature to the first development. On the other hand, the Talbotype, since it was first made known, has, through the unremitting labors and research of its inventor, been wonderfully improved: we have just spoken of a most valuable capability—that of increasing ancient and valuable drawings upon the material whereon they were originally made, and so fitting them for the portfolio. The Daguerreotype is most faithful in repeating prints, &c.; but what can be done with metal plates? The powers of the Talbotype are admirably adapted to book illustration, and in this respect they have yet to be shown; in short, the microscopic precision with which texture and form are rendered by this means is not to be attained by any attempts at imitation by any manipulative process, however elaborate.

Hence, as to the real utility of the two inventions, there is no question. Mr. Talbot is still assiduously laboring for the further perfection of the invention, the advancement of which will be sufficiently seen in other works, shortly to appear, which are much superior to anything that has yet been produced.

The Life of MARTIN LUTHER, gathered from his own Writings. By M. MICHELET, Author of the "History of France," "The People," &c., &c. Translated by G. H. SMITH, F. G. S.

THE peculiar value of this work consists in the fact that it is "neither the life of Luther turned into an historical romance, nor a history of the establishment of Lutheranism, but a biography consisting of a series of transcripts from Luther's own revelations." With the exception of the events of the earlier years of his life, when Luther could not have been the penman, the transcriber has seldom occasion to hold the pen himself. His task has been limited to selecting, arranging and fixing the chronology of detached passages. Throughout the whole work, Luther is his own spokesman—Luther's life is told by Luther himself. We need not add that by an author so accomplished as M. Michelet, this task is admirably executed.—*Protestant Churchman.*

From Godey's Lady's Book.

CHARACTER AND OPINIONS OF THE LATE REV.
SYDNEY SMITH.

BY WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

WHEN a great man is inearthed, there usually springs up such a crop of memoirs, eulogies, defamations, and what not, that it would seem as if the mortal seed had been committed to the ground only to reappear, even in this world, in a more etherealized or intellectual form. When a conspicuous man dies, there is a somewhat kindred tendency to supply the blank he leaves in the public eye by notices and discussions of his claims to public attention.

Sydney Smith certainly was not a great man, but his pungent and ready wit made us ever sensible of his presence, and of late his hard hits at American repudiation drew our attention to him peculiarly. We had learned almost to regard him as the exponent of English feeling on this sore subject. When he died, those Pennsylvanians whom he had praised as behaving with great decorum and refraining from any attempt to pick English pockets at the queen's coronation dinner, must have felt somewhat relieved. He threw stones with great dexterity where the object was vulnerable, and those who suffered from his blows suffered in silence, forgetting, through the boldness of their assailant, that his house was of glass if they chose to retaliate.

The glory of Sydney Smith is to have set on foot the Edinburgh Review—his shame, that after having contributed to it some of the most impudent and illiberal articles, he should have said, when all was over and hot blood cold, that he saw very little to alter or repent of. He who saw other people's prejudices and littlenesses so keenly, was even thus lamentably blind to his own. He who could rebuke with such scorching causticity what he considered as pecuniary dishonesty, was capable of dishonesty of another kind quite as disgraceful to the perpetrator, and far more ruinous to the sufferer.

That there has been a vast progress in the political condition of Great Britain within the present century is undeniable. That the Edinburgh Review has advocated with steadiness and ability the leading beneficial changes, is equally true. It is impossible to assign to this or to any one cause the precise degree of merit to which it may be entitled, but from the talent with which that journal has been conducted from the outset, the high place it has maintained in the literary and political world, and its large circulation, we may safely award it the first place. This is only saying that Brougham, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Macaulay and their associates, have unitedly done more than any other set of men in effecting what may be termed the second English Revolution. Some of these men have, it is true, figured in parliament; but we doubt much whether their influence individually has been as great, even there, as in the Review—collectively we are very sure it has not. They are men of the closet and the pen, far more powerful in the silent page than in the animated debate, which calls for personal qualifications possessed by so few scholars.

Very properly, then, may Sydney Smith pride himself, as he does in the preface to his works, on having set on foot such a journal and contributed to it for so many years. Many a man has

passed for a hero on account of achievements or happy accidents of far less importance. But a part of his self-glorification on this topic makes us smile, and we hardly know whether the witty canon can be in earnest or is merely playing off a joke that may take in at least the uninitiated. He says, "To bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a course of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate." We would gladly have been informed of the duration of this martyrdom. We have a hint of oatmeal commons at the outset, to be sure, but we think before long the "reproach" of being the associate of Brougham, Jeffrey and Macaulay, and the "poverty" of two guineas a page or fifty pounds an article, must have been "boiled peas" in comparison with any real sacrifice. Peter Plymley's Letters, too—a pretty good sized book and not particularly clerical—twenty thousand copies sold!—good picking for somebody, and we do not believe the reverend gentleman one likely to let it all fall into other hands; at least his Pennsylvania groans never seemed to us quite disinterested virtuous indignation. A few years after the "poverty" complained of, and subsequent also to the fall of Pennsylvania stocks, we find this victim's estate sworn under the value of seventy thousand pounds. To American perceptions, at least, this is very tolerable poverty—one that would console most men like Sydney Smith for a good deal of reproach.

Old Lord Stowell once said to him—"Mr. Smith, you would have been a much richer man if you had joined us;" and he claims not a little merit that he did not act on the old lord's hint. We know not how rich the tory clergy usually are, but we think most of them would be content to pass from the tutorship of a juvenile member of the squirarchy to an estate of £70,000.

As to the other boast, of having no intemperance and violence to reproach himself with, we think many years' enjoyment of the titnings of this world's fat things must have dulled the good man's memory, or the near approach to that other state of being when sincerity and earnestness in religious matters will stand us in better stead than church preferment, would have brought to his mind, with some compunctious visitings, the many bitter things he had written against the Methodists. Take an instance: "We shall use the general term Methodism to designate these particular classes of fanatics"—i. e., "Arminian and Calvinistic Methodists and the Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England"—"not troubling ourselves to point out the finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy, but treating them all as in one general conspiracy against common sense and rational orthodox Christianity." The class thus disposed of, it will be remembered, includes, among a host of eminent persons, Wilberforce, Hannah More, Leigh Richmond and Lord Teignmouth. It includes those who built up the British and Foreign Bible Society, and those who put down the slave trade. Yet after thirty years' interval, the Reverend Sydney Smith finds no cause to wish such things unsaid. And again: "Not that they preach faith without works, for if they told the people they might rob and murder with impunity, the civil magistrate must be compelled to interfere"—that is, fear of the civil magistrate prevents the preaching of robbery and murder by the Methodists.

No intemperance and violence here against Whitefield and Wesley, who "did not run naked into the streets or pretend to the prophetic character—and therefore were not committed to Newgate!"

The preaching of Whitefield and Wesley did certainly differ somewhat from that of Mr. Smith. Two of the four sermons* he has given us with the essays are addressed to lawyers, and one to a mayor and corporation. The occasions were what is called extraordinary, and the sermons are certainly no less so. "And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying," &c. From this text a sermon was preached "before the Hon. Sir John Bayley, Knt.," and we pity Sir John. "We must not forget," says the witty priest—"we must not forget the question, and we must not forget who asked the question, and we must not forget who answered it, and what that answer was." He must have a hard heart who does not sympathize with a writer who, having a reputation to support, is put to such shifts for sentences wherewith to occupy the orthodox "just fifteen minutes." He tells the lawyers he shall address them on their particular duties. Very well—all right and proper. The first paragraph contains an appeal to them as living flesh and blood lawyers, whether they do not find their *devotion* interfered with, their taste for devotion lessened, their time for devotion abridged. Trying questions—for the preacher himself allows, in the same paragraph, that "rivals are to be watched, superiors are to be cultivated, connexions cherished"—evidently the *nine* points of the law. But there is a *tenth*—"what time for the altar—what time for God?" Then the "particular duties." "The genuine and unaffected piety of a lawyer is of great advantage to the general interests of religion, inasmuch as to the highest member of that profession a great share of church patronage is entrusted." A lawyer, then, ought certainly to be genuinely and unaffectedly pious, for—he may get to be lord chancellor! The Rev. S. S. (not Sinner Saved, of leather breeches memory) must have his joke even in the pulpit. Then follow more "particular duties" for such of his hearers as may come to the woollen sack, of which zeal for the church as by law established is first, second and third—and, in fact, no other is alluded to.

Mr. Smith does not tell us that he was the proposer of the motto of the Edinburgh Review, but no one construed it more strictly, as its earlier pages abundantly testify. Impaling of authors was a favorite sport with him, as well as with other reviewers of that period. They and their brethren have been taught better manners since. Some of Smith's articles abound in abuse and insult, and descend even to the most disgusting allusions to accomplish the object. Even his wit would hardly make such coarseness taking in our day. The reviews have assumed a tone more earnest and more conciliating, recognizing the probability that an author possesses human feelings, and the possibility that he may be inclined to appease them by retaliation. Mr. Smith's wit is not of the highest order, but it is abundant—more like the incessant heat lightning of a summer evening than like the dazzling ribbons

that split the clouds asunder at intervals, blinding the beholder so that black looks white for a while. He is not a little indebted to quaint and funny words, such as *anserous*, *armigeral*, *mumpsimus*, *furfurous*, *agricolous*, *plumigerous*—a class of adjectives, which it would require but a schoolboy's knowledge of Latin to enlarge indefinitely. He is still more indebted to that entire unscrupulousness which generally becomes the characteristic of the professed wit—a freedom which holds nothing sacred, and which overleaps all the nice and delicate boundaries that prevent other men of equal ability from acquiring the reputation of wit. But with all allowances he is rich in genuine fun, and holds some of the abuses of his country up to ridicule with all the hilarious *abandon* of a boy who has stolen a few moments in which to kick a prohibited foot-ball. He seems not so much determined to get the laugh on his side as to enjoy it himself—not so desirous of making the absurdity in question odious as of extracting all possible amusement out of it. The subjects which he handles in this temper are fair game certainly: witness "the Persecuting Bishops" and others of like character. On subjects which touch his kinder feelings he can be serious. With the Methodists he keeps nowhere any terms either of justice or decency.

Mr. Smith's opposition to the "godly" school is accounted for by the way in which, as he tells us, he formed his conceptions of true, practical piety. We always suppose the Bible to furnish the means by which all men, and clergymen in particular, were to be guided on this point. But there is, it seems, a more excellent way: "It has been our good fortune to be acquainted with many truly religious persons—and from their manly, rational and serious characters, our conceptions of true practical piety have been formed." These models must have been Edinburgh reviewers. To the same source, it is to be presumed, we are to trace the morals of the reverend critic.

What are those morals? The morals of the only parson in that powerful body—the high priest of that despotic junto—become a matter of no little consequence. The utilitarianism of Paley lies evidently at the root of them. Expediency he owns, in almost all cases, for his god. Paley's white lies form, consistently, a part of the code. "I have always denied the authorship of the *Plymley Letters*," &c. The Bible he seldom alludes to, except to draw from it some ludicrous image; and, in fact, we should think he had studied *Rochefoucault* much more. Like most persons of the merely practical school, he rarely ascends to principles. Gifted with keen sagacity, he perceives that honesty is the best policy, and advocates it because it is so, and just so far as it seems to be so, but no farther. Accordingly, like other reasoners of that school, he stops short when policy appears to stop—at the point where the doctrine begins to affect themselves. This political parson, therefore, argues most strenuously and ably for Catholic emancipation—it will be sound policy, and—it will help the established church. He urges reform in the state with great vigor—he opposes reform in the church with at least equal force. Humanize your game laws, amend your poor laws, reform your house of commons, remove the crying abuses of the state; but lay no hands on cathedrals—especially on that of St. Paul—and diminish no church patronage, least of all, that of the reverend canons of that foundation. They enjoy each a sinecure of fifteen hundred or two

* These remarks do not apply in general to the volume of sermons published since Mr. Smith's death, of which the writer entertains a high opinion. He can abate nothing, however, of what he has said concerning those selected for publication by Mr. Smith himself and incorporated by him with his essays.

thousand pounds per annum, but let that alone! And you, my lords bishops, beware how you sanction such an attempt, for your own £15,000 or £20,000 will be endangered by the precedent. "I ask the Bishop of London—does he think, after reformers have tasted the flesh of the church, that they will put up with any other diet? Does he forget that deans and chapters are but mock-turtle—that more delicious delicacies remain behind?" Such are the arguments of a man who prides himself on being a reformer—an old reformer, all his days a reformer. Reform is good so long as it keeps within proper bounds; let it pass these, and it will unsettle the foundations—it will mar the superstructure of society! Is it proposed to abolish a church sinecure after the death of the present incumbent? Think of the oaths of the archbishops! (the coronation oath had been abundantly ridiculed in the case of Catholic emancipation)—think of the sanctity of private property! think of the danger of innovation! So clamors the reverend moralist who had for years been contending against all these bugbears, and meantime reached the fat canonry of St. Paul's. "The honest boldness of the Edinburgh Review," says he, "effected much;" but honesty becomes folly when it would lead to the lessening of church revenues, however enormous.

Time and space allow us to touch only on the more striking points in the character of this able reviewer and most widely influential writer. No man labored more zealously or more efficiently in the cause of Catholic emancipation, or with a more generous and at the same time caustic warmth in the defence of humanity against certain barbarities in English law and English custom. His papers on the latter class of subjects are eminently pungent and striking, while those on the Catholic question are equally admirable, sparkling with wit, and, what in a popular argument is of great practical importance, level to the comprehension of every one. He does not, it is true, advocate measures on the highest ground, but on the ground best calculated to produce conviction in the minds of those whom he addresses. He was no man to throw away his pearls.

Sydney Smith was far from possessing a mind of the highest order. He effected much, not through any extraordinary reach of thought, but by strong common sense, aided by a lively wit and a keen sense of the ludicrous, all directed against certain popular errors of his day. But he was a man of maxims, not of principles—one who aimed at nothing higher than people's conduct, and that by means of the head and not the heart.

Another proof that his mind was not of a high order is, that he was infinitely more engaged in pulling down than in building up. He attacks existing abuses with eagerness and success, but even where the occasion calls for it, (and the occasion does sometimes call for it,) he offers no substitute, proposes no remedial plan. He attacks the Methodists with a virulence and vulgarity altogether inexcusable, and bewails their influence over the middling and lower classes, but he considers the case hopeless. "A man of education and a gentleman—cannot contend against such artists"—"the regular clergy—are too dignified;"—but "something may be done in the way of ridicule," and in allowing members of the establishment to open chapels *without* the consent of the rector. Education might do something, but "none of these things will be done." No great fertility

or resource here, and no very admirable boldness, since some discussion of the reasons why "Methodism" grew out—a huge scion—from the establishment, and some suggestions as to the mode of preventing further secessions by the offer of spiritual bread rather than polished stones, might have come very properly from a professed reformer.

It is the same with East India missions. The duty of Christianizing those countries is admitted, but the plan adopted is bad, and the men concerned are not to be trusted. Yet no other method is proposed, and it is even said that *suitable* persons cannot be found to undertake it. Some severe attacks and many bitter innuendoes against the clergy of the established church are found in the writings of our political reformer, but not a hint as to how they shall be made better. Our conjecture that as an originator or supporter of positive measures he was held in but little esteem, is confirmed by the fact that he scarce appears at all as a politician after his party obtained the chief power in the state. His vocation was gone. He was a potent assailant of old abuses, but not fitted to bring forward and defend the new measures which the times demanded.

His views of education are marked by sterling sense and judgment. His papers on the subject deserve to be studied by every enlightened person in this country as well as in England. In them his natural acumen triumphs over all the prejudices of his time and country, and they are as well suited to the democratical side of the water as to the other.

In all matters of morals and religion, Sydney Smith appears to have been a good deal of a Mr. Worldly Wiseman—wise, truly, for himself and others—as regards worldly matters, but not possessing nor caring to possess other wisdom. His opinion of human nature was evidently low, and he looked to low means for influencing mankind. He was a warm friend to the established church, for it made himself and many other gentlemen very comfortable, giving them, besides abundant means, rank, influence and consideration, which they could hardly have found anywhere else. But he was apparently no warm friend to the established clergy, titled or otherwise, if we may judge from the innumerable slurs which he casts upon them in his writings. He allows them, to be sure, the credit of calmness, moderation and dignity, but marks them, nevertheless, as abundantly dronish, selfish and grasping. What a satire upon them is contained in the following remark: "No Orthodox clergyman can do so (open a church) without the consent of the parson of the parish, who always refuses because he does not choose to have his monopoly disturbed; and refuses in parishes where there are not accommodations for one half the persons who wish to frequent the Church of England." Fit persons, truly, to be entrusted with a monopoly in such things! Though Mr. Smith seems to have annexed to the term "sound religion," (a favorite term with him,) only the idea of adherence to the established church, yet nobody deals the clergy harder blows. He inverts the rule of Mrs. Ranby, who was all sin without a single fault; for he credits the clergy with all excellence as a body, while he allows them individually no merit under heaven but decency.

Mr. Smith attributes an extraordinary efficacy to money. He speaks of "the English curse of poverty," but he certainly shows himself in this

point as in many others, a true Englishman. He does not, indeed, say that the gift of the Holy Ghost may be purchased with money, but he comes as near it as anybody since the days of Simon Magus. To give one example. In the Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, he states that he had found out the capital possessed by seven clergymen taken promiscuously in his neighborhood, and he finds it to be £72,000, while the average income from the livings is £400 *per annum*. And he draws the conclusion "from the gambling propensities of human nature, and the irresistible tendency to hope they shall gain the highest prizes, you tempt men into your service who keep up their credit and yours, not by your allowance, but by their own capital," &c. Keeping up the credit of the church by large fortunes! Americans are thought to place a high estimate on money, but it may be doubted whether any clergyman or layman among us would consider four hundred pounds a year insufficient to keep up the credit of the religion founded by our Saviour and his apostles. But Mr. Smith in this case only echoed the sentiment of the mass of his countrymen. He says—"It is always considered a piece of impertinence in England if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects." True—and evidently no less an impertinence in Mr. Smith's eyes than in those of others of his class. Witness his advocacy of the church as it is, because it attracts men of wealth; and his dread of anything approaching to an equalization of livings, because the average would be only £285, or \$1400, a year! His whole argument is based upon the supposition that riches are indispensable to the respectability and influence of the clergy, and his unmeasured abuse of the Methodists turns in part upon their poverty.

That Mr. Smith was no friend to the reform bill we infer with confidence from the absence of all allusion to it in his long gratulatory list of the beneficial measures accomplished by "the talents of the good and able men" of his time. In short, he was a genuine English aristocrat, a term which we use not all in an invidious sense. He was a friend to the middling and lower classes, but there is nothing in his writings which would lead us to think that he regarded them as fit depositaries of political power. He was an enemy to all oppression of the poor by the rich, but he had at least an equal dread of the beggar on horseback. He could commend in our land of equality certain qualities which agreed with his own natural bias—economy, industry, common sense, enterprise—but he had a supreme contempt for the democratic character, and was never better pleased than when he could find room for a fling at the Yankees. The aristocratic feeling of England is, in our view, still more strongly inherent in the church, the army and the navy, than in the hereditary wealth and station of the country. Whoever belongs to either of the first-mentioned classes, in a place above the rank of subalterns, has a position from which he derives a certain respectability, and by which he is somewhat linked to the higher classes. All are paid "once in money and three or four times in hope," and the zeal of expectants is always greater and their appreciation of the desired good more intense than those of actual possessors. Hence a sort of official and officious loyalty to the established institutions of the country, always observable in British clergymen and officers in both

services. These are the very people, generally speaking, who have honored us by visits of exploration, and their report has usually been such as would prove satisfactory at home, and furnish racy articles about America to such reviewers as Mr. Smith. We regret that our countrymen have evinced such a sensitiveness to opinions thus concocted.

In the Council of the Beasts, (says Lessing,) which met to determine their respective claims to rank and consequence, the nobler animals declared the decision a matter of no moment, as each had its own claims, good and substantial, whether allowed by others or not. All acquiesced in this view of the matter except the ass and the ape, who took it much to heart that no decision was pronounced.

Upon the whole, we conclude Mr. Smith to have been a keen-witted and sensible worldling, more capable of discerning the faults and absurdities of others than desirous of correcting his own; having a glimmering perception of how things ought to be, but lacking courage to recommend unpopular means of making them such. We regard him as a poor teacher of morals, and of religion no teacher at all. He pleaded the cause of down-trodden humanity less through sensibility and sympathy than through acute perception of wrong. He can characterize as "holy poltroonery" an unwillingness to examine religious or political tenets, but no man shows more weakness when the temporalities of the church are called in question. He hated the Methodists because they pretended to a warmth of piety which, if sincere, must put to shame the lifeless ministrations of the establishment, and he advocated the emancipation of the Catholics because it secured the foundations of his own church. He occupied the position of a professed servant of God, and he lived and died emphatically a man of this world. At another time we may attempt some detailed examination of his writings.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARGUIN AND ITS VICTIMS.

Though discovered by the Portuguese four hundred years ago, and successively possessed by them, by the Dutch, and the French, the island of Arguin, adjacent to the western coast of Africa, was, till within a few months since, a perfect *terra incognita* to the English public. At that time circumstances of a distressing nature aroused attention to the subject; it being reported that several of our countrymen were held in captivity, and barbarously treated by the islanders. Among the most zealous advocates for the liberation of the unhappy captives was Captain Grover, whose name is so familiar to the public in connexion with the Bokhara victims. Through him we now learn some particulars respecting the island, its inhabitants, and our then suffering brethren—his information having been collected from Mr. Northwood, commanding the barque *Margaret*, who was detained three weeks in captivity; from William Honey, who was kept eleven months a prisoner at Arguin, and in a neighboring island; and from Mr. Vaughan, commanding the merchant brig *Courier*.*

* Arguin, which has been successively a trading post of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French, and finally abandoned by the latter, with the view to the concentration of the

It appears, by the log of the brig *Courier*, that, on the 26th May, 1844, the chief mate, Mr. Wilson, was sent with three hands to take soundings near Arguin, and that, on approaching the shore, they saw some natives, among whom was a white man, who hailed them in English. This induced Mr. Wilson to run his boat on shore, for the purpose of relieving his supposed countryman; but as he neared, the natives began to beat their captive with clubs, and it was not till the boat's muskets were levelled at their heads that they desisted, and took to their heels. The white man immediately made for the boat, and was taken on board the *Courier*. He stated that his name was Samuel Phillips, that he was a seaman belonging to the *Margaret*, of London, commanded by Captain Northwood, who, with a portion of the crew, was there in captivity, and subjected to the most cruel treatment by the natives.

Captain Vaughan immediately determined to release his fellow-countrymen by ransom or otherwise; and therefore brought up his ship, and anchored on the west side of the island, in four and a half fathoms water, about a mile from the shore. Four men then appeared on the beach, and made signs for them to land. This was not complied with; and on the following morning the *Courier* got under weigh, and proceeded to the south-west point of the island, anchoring again in five fathoms water. The chief mate then landed with six men, and were kindly received by the natives, who promised to bring down Captain Northwood and the other prisoners early next day, to be ransomed. At the appointed time the natives came to the beach with Captain Northwood, who waved his hat, and requested Captain Vaughan to send a boat ashore; and accordingly the mate was again despatched with six hands, and provided with a supply of tobacco and other things, to offer in ex-

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point as in many others, a true Englishman. He does not, indeed, say that the gift of the Holy Ghost may be purchased with money, but he comes as near it as anybody since the days of Simon Magus. To give one example. In the Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, he states that he had found out the capital possessed by seven clergymen taken promiscuously in his neighborhood, and he finds it to be £72,000, while the average income from the livings is £400 *per annum*. And he draws the conclusion "from the gambling propensities of human nature, and the irresistible tendency to hope they shall gain the highest prizes, you tempt men into your service who keep up their credit and yours, not by your allowance, but by their own capital," &c. Keeping up the credit of the church by large fortunes! Americans are thought to place a high estimate on money, but it may be doubted whether any clergyman or layman among us would consider four hundred pounds a year insufficient to keep up the credit of the religion founded by our Saviour and his apostles. But Mr. Smith in this case only echoed the sentiment of the mass of his countrymen. He says—"It is always considered a piece of impertinence in England if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects." True—and evidently no less an impertinence in Mr. Smith's eyes than in those of others of his class. Witness his advocacy of the church as it is, because it attracts men of wealth; and his dread of anything approaching to an equalization of livings, because the average would be only £285, or \$1400, a year! His whole argument is based upon the supposition that riches are indispensable to the respectability and influence of the clergy, and his unmeasured abuse of the Methodists turns in part upon their poverty.

That Mr. Smith was no friend to the reform bill we infer with confidence from the absence of all allusion to it in his long gratulatory list of the beneficial measures accomplished by "the talents of the good and able men" of his time. In short, he was a genuine English aristocrat, a term which we use not all in an invidious sense. He was a friend to the middling and lower classes, but there is nothing in his writings which would lead us to think that he regarded them as fit depositaries of political power. He was an enemy to all oppression of the poor by the rich, but he had at least an equal dread of the beggar on horseback. He could commend in our land of equality certain qualities which agreed with his own natural bias—economy, industry, common sense, enterprise—but he had a supreme contempt for the democratic character, and was never better pleased than when he could find room for a fling at the Yankees. The aristocratic feeling of England is, in our view, still more strongly inherent in the church, the army and the navy, than in the hereditary wealth and station of the country. Whoever belongs to either of the first-mentioned classes, in a place above the rank of subalterns, has a position from which he derives a certain respectability, and by which he is somewhat linked to the higher classes. All are paid "once in money and three or four times in hope," and the zeal of expectants is always greater and their appreciation of the desired good more intense than those of actual possessors. Hence a sort of official and officious loyalty to the established institutions of the country, always observable in British clergymen and officers in both

services. These are the very people, generally speaking, who have honored us by visits of exploration, and their report has usually been such as would prove satisfactory at home, and furnish racy articles about America to such reviewers as Mr. Smith. We regret that our countrymen have evinced such a sensitiveness to opinions thus concocted.

In the Council of the Beasts, (says Lessing,) which met to determine their respective claims to rank and consequence, the nobler animals declared the decision a matter of no moment, as each had its own claims, good and substantial, whether allowed by others or not. All acquiesced in this view of the matter except the ass and the ape, who took it much to heart that no decision was pronounced.

Upon the whole, we conclude Mr. Smith to have been a keen-witted and sensible worldling, more capable of discerning the faults and absurdities of others than desirous of correcting his own; having a glimmering perception of how things ought to be, but lacking courage to recommend unpopular means of making them such. We regard him as a poor teacher of morals, and of religion no teacher at all. He pleaded the cause of down-trodden humanity less through sensibility and sympathy than through acute perception of wrong. He can characterize as "holy poltroonery" an unwillingness to examine religious or political tenets, but no man shows more weakness when the temporalities of the church are called in question. He hated the Methodists because they pretended to a warmth of piety which, if sincere, must put to shame the lifeless ministrations of the establishment, and he advocated the emancipation of the Catholics because it secured the foundations of his own church. He occupied the position of a professed servant of God, and he lived and died emphatically a man of this world. At another time we may attempt some detailed examination of his writings.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARGUIN AND ITS VICTIMS.

THOUGH discovered by the Portuguese four hundred years ago, and successively possessed by them, by the Dutch, and the French, the island of Arguin, adjacent to the western coast of Africa, was, till within a few months since, a perfect *terra incognita* to the English public. At that time circumstances of a distressing nature aroused attention to the subject; it being reported that several of our countrymen were held in captivity, and barbarously treated by the islanders. Among the most zealous advocates for the liberation of the unhappy captives was Captain Grover, whose name is so familiar to the public in connexion with the Bokhara victims. Through him we now learn some particulars respecting the island, its inhabitants, and our then suffering brethren—his information having been collected from Mr. Northwood, commanding the barque *Margaret*, who was detained three weeks in captivity; from William Honey, who was kept eleven months a prisoner at Arguin, and in a neighboring island; and from Mr. Vaughan, commanding the merchant brig *Courier*.*

* Arguin, which has been successively a trading post of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French, and finally abandoned by the latter, with the view to the concentration of the

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and the little children pelted them with stones. To add to their miseries, they were in daily expectation of being sent to the mainland and sold to perpetual slavery.

There was, however, one person who had heard of their captivity, and who was taking active measures for their deliverance; namely Captain Isemonger, commanding the merchant brig *Africanus*, who happened fortunately to be on the coast. This gentleman possesses great influence on that part of the coast of Africa; and, on communicating the intelligence to the king of Trazars, who is very friendly to the English, this monarch immediately sent to Arguin, ordering the restoration of the captives, or threatening to send an expedition to destroy the whole tribe. Captain Northwood, and all his men who could be moved, were accordingly placed in an old fishing-boat, escorted by ten of the natives, and, after a painful voyage of nine days, were delivered over to the gallant Isemonger. Honey and his two wounded companions were left behind, and Captain Northwood did not then think there was the least chance they would survive their sufferings. However, through the exertions of the man who effected the deliverance of all, these wounded men were ordered to be delivered up, without ransom, to any European ship that would receive them. No vessel appearing to claim them, despite the efforts made at home for that purpose, they were, after eleven months of great suffering, conveyed by the *Arguins* themselves to the Gambia. It must appear extraordinary that these men should have been allowed to remain eleven months in this dreadful state, within eight days' run of our shore. Despite the efforts of the owners to induce government to act, some misapprehension seemed to exist; for, in reply to the urgent intreaties of the mother of William Honey, the secretary of state forwarded an extract from a despatch written by Captain Bosanquet, commanding her majesty's ship *Alert*, which states that he had communicated with one of the chiefs of Arguin, who "stated that the three Englishmen had died of their wounds, and that they had no white prisoners." This despatch is dated 7th November, 1844, and the men were not liberated until the 1st May, 1845. They arrived in London on 3d of August. It is most unfortunate that this report should have been fully credited, as, but for the benignant and patriotic exertions of Captain Isemonger, they would have lingered out their wretched lives upon the island.

From Chambers' Journal.

SALEABLE CIVILITIES.

WE observed the other day, in a popular magazine, an anecdote of a gentleman who, having dropped a package of papers, and getting it restored to him by a working man, who ran across a street for the purpose, *was so shabby* as merely to render thanks in return. The writer seemed to consider it necessary that the gentleman should have given at least sixpence as a remuneration for this act of ordinary civility. This way of thinking touches upon a feature of our age, especially as regards metropolitan life, which is worthy of a few remarks.

It seems now to be held as a fixed point of duty amongst us, that whenever a gentleman, by choice or accident, receives the least civility from his inferiors, he should reward them in money. It may be something costing hardly an effort, some-

thing called for by the exigency of a moment, and done through merely instinctive impulse; yet coin must honor it. The simplest charities of life become a matter of tariff between superiors and inferiors.

Let us proceed to illustrate this part of our national code of morality. We were once placed in circumstances in Paris strongly reminding us of Sterne and his grisette. Wandering along its obscure streets, we lost our way, and appeared likely to have roamed on forever, as each new street seemed the precise facsimile of the last, until at length we ventured to ask the way from a busy, little Frenchwoman, seated at the door of her shop. A thousand different directions, uttered in a thousand different phrases, sent us away as perplexed as before. Led by blind chance, we directed our steps straight on, and passed a street down which we ought to have turned. We had not gone far, when a great outcry was heard behind us, joining itself to the clatter of a couple of wooden shoes. Monsieur was altogether wrong; and we were led to understand that we might have girdled the globe in that direction without arriving at our destination; however, the error was corrected, and we speedily reached home. We were in precisely the same predicament in London, and had occasion to ask for similar instruction from one of two lumping boys idly lounging at the corner of a street. What was our success? The boy declined affording the requisite information gratuitously, but offered to put us right in two minutes for twopence. Behold the contrast! Assuredly, many though the social errors of our neighbors are, mercenary civility is not to be reckoned among them.

Every-day life supplies us with abundant instances—they must occur to every one—of the venal light in which all little good offices are regarded in England. If a horse has broken his bridle, and gambolled a few yards down the street, and is brought back an unwilling captive by some adventurous person; if a memorandum is dropped, and some lucky boy has picked it up, and restored it to its rightful owner; if, on a blustering day, the wind *will* take your hat off, and it scampers down some hilly street, and is caught by some fleet-legged errand-boy, who has participated with some half dozen others in the fun of the capture; if your handkerchief hangs from your pocket, and some extra-honest passer-by informs you of the circumstance, with a touch of his hat, intimating that your honor might have lost it; if you sprain your ankle, or fall over a shred of orange-peel, or are knocked down by some runaway horse, and are assisted by some humane members of the surrounding mob into a neighboring surgery; if, in short, in any of the thousand misfortunes which are daily apportioned to us, an inferior renders assistance to, or does some little office for, his superior, a debt is incurred; it is a cash account; creditor and debtor are the synonyms for obliger and obligee: humanity, good-nature, nay, the first elements of the Christian duty of man to man, are obliterated from the minds of both parties, and the obligation can only be discharged by treating it as so much merchandise, and paying for it. It would be far from difficult to construct a scale of metropolitan civilities, and to affix the orthodox rates to each of the minor kindnesses; thus—

Holding a horse for a few minutes, twopence—if with extra politeness, fourpence.

Directions in topography, or street-seeking, twopence—with personal attendance, threepence.

Picking up a handkerchief, one penny to boys, twopence to men.

Shutting a club-door, to the waterman one penny—where does your honor want to go?—twopence.

Assistance in case of accident—varies from sixpence to a shilling;

and so on. He who would be so foolhardy as to refuse these regular demands, while his bravery might be extolled, would incur the odium of every bystander, and might think himself fortunate if he escaped the open execrations of the disappointed benefactor.

Such a state of things is very disgraceful in an age calling itself an era of refinement, and turning up its nose at all bygone times, as if there were nothing that was good or great in them. If out-of-door civility must have its price, let there be a regular body of such "helps" enrolled at once; give them a regular livery, and let each wear a brazen badge, denoting his number and the regular rate of payment for all sorts of civilities; and thus deliver honest men from the insult and injury of the degradation of their brotherly-kindness to the level of, or rather to an inferiority to, the base metal with which it is bought and for which it is sold.

We are continually being disgusted with applications for beer, for something to drink our health, for something to grease the wheels of our gig with, for something to water our garden with, or to sprinkle the dusty road with. If the carpenter has done some trifling job, when he comes to be paid, something must be given over and above his regular pay to wet the work with, or it is impossible that it will stand. If the dustman perform his arduous office, and, after relieving our dustbin of its contents, comes up, with cindered hair and grimy face, to acquaint us with the fact, surely we could not deny him something to wash down the dust with which he is pretty nigh choked. If the sweep has been putting the chimney to rights, then "the heap of soot there was to be sure—never seed a chimbley so foul—he was always so pettiekler about them smoke jacks—he knowed a many sweeps as 'ud smesh them all to nothing: could our honor give him something to oil his husky throat with?"

The principle on which such demands are made seems to us wholly bad. It is on this, the hydra whose hundred heads spring up in every possible direction, that we would animadvert. The work done, of course, is worth its pay, just as much as twenty shillings are worth a sovereign. The demand is made for the civility with which its performance is attended—a demand, by the way, invariably greater in proportion to the civility with which the workman himself has been treated. Such civility, we would say, is due, and ought to be rendered, merely as a requirement of the social compact between man and man in all ranks and spheres of life. This custom of performing work in a civil manner, merely with the ultimate view to certain pence, sixpences, and shillings, must be directly injurious to the workman's own character, lowering him in his own esteem, and derogating, in no inconsiderable degree, from his respectability in the estimation of his superiors. We regard it in its least serious light, simply as unreasonable. The matter puts on a more serious aspect when we look at it, as we have strong reason to do,

with regard to its normal consequences, as the A B C of a course of beggary. The tale of the officer who gave one of his men a sovereign to drink his health with, and was astonished to find that, in the man's anxiety to obey orders, he had drunk his health so assiduously for three or four days, as to be brought at last to the guardroom, and disgraced in his regiment, is one which is continually enacted. The money given and received in the manner to which we are alluding, is sacred to the alehouse, and to the fellowship of pot-companions; and the libations made at such a shrine, commenced under the sanction, authority, and recommendation of the donor, are perpetuated by the taste and newly-acquired habits of the recipient, until, in too many instances, they reduce him to rags, and his family to wretchedness.

We are here looking at the subject in a strong, but in by no means a singular light. We know many who deplore the necessity they are continually under, in order to avoid insult, of contributing to keep up a custom in direct opposition to their deliberate convictions; and we believe that few ordinary doings of the affluent classes are more injurious to the character and wholesome self-esteem of the humbler classes, than when, instead of reciprocating kindness for kindness, or expressing simply a sense of sincere obligation in return for a minor good office, they make unworthy, and, after all, inadequate returns of money. If brotherly-kindness be the bond of union among men, and a series of mutual obligations the links of that chain, can it be otherwise than that the rude attempt to cut asunder one of these links by the strong hand of money, will injure, if not loosen the rest? The example set by railway companies, in making a demand for money by any one of their officials a sufficient ground for his dismissal, is one which, if its principle were carried out in private life, would tend to the complete abolition of the nuisance; but we regret to add that, even at railway stations, in spite of the urgent request that no money should be offered, and the threat that its acceptance would be followed, if discovered, by immediate dismissal, persons are yet found, on the one side, stimulated by a weak and foolish pride, to offer the temptation, and, on the other, sufficiently blind and unprincipled, for the sake of a few paltry pence, to hazard the security of an otherwise permanent and comfortable situation. We can vouch for the correctness of our assertion.

Like some diseased atmosphere, this custom has penetrated the remotest recesses of social life, spreading its infection on high and low, from the palace to the prison, in the streets, by the roadside, in the grand hotel, in the petty tavern, in the playhouse, and even inside the church-door; and though now and then some ultra-reformer of a commercial traveller, in a fretful letter to the Times, goes into an elaborate calculation of how much a year the item of civility costs him, and denounces the whole host of waiters, and chambermaids, and hostlers, and boots, and ostlers, and porters, spreading wild dismay throughout the hostels of our queendom; and though some Boanerges of a public writer hurls his thunderbolts at the stolid head of that sluggish giant, the people; and though some mighty preacher proclaims it, as practised within consecrated walls, to be on the one side an insult, and on the other a sin, like a noxious weed, it only springs up the ranker, whether it is cut up or cut down.

We cannot help believing that it is to the upper classes of society that the origin of the evil is attributable; and among them, its parent may be found in pride—we would not say an ungenerous, but a mistaken pride, productive of an unwillingness to receive the smallest assistance from the hands of an inferior, without the endeavor to return it. How salutary a sentiment under the control of a sound judgment—how unsalutary when misdirected! The error was mainly in the head. The dangerous consequences of introducing a species of moral barter were unforeseen, and no definite line was drawn between good offices costing the poorer man little, and those costing him much. Thus was the custom developed. How easy its conception, how rapid its growth, how ripe its maturity, when, lost to a sense of mutual esteem, the poor man renders, and the richer pays for, a civility whose venal character defiles its purity, and robs it of its value!

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when high oratory was more valued. He came but to be heard and to be triumphant. Heralded by the hyperbolic praise of his Irish admirers, his first speech was looked for with a curiosity not unmingled with doubt. But he passed the ordeal successfully, and from that hour has been regarded as one of the most distinguished and remarkable of the many great orators which his country, fertile in genius as in natural riches, has ever produced.

Our mention of the Hibernian admirers of Mr. Sheil reminds us that we have something to say of that gentleman beyond what is prompted by a recollection of his speeches in the house of commons. For, unlike most of our most distinguished men, Mr. Sheil was famous as an orator long before he entered parliament. His eloquence had not been the least important element in causing that unanimity of feeling among the people of Ireland which ultimately led to the great political and religious revolution of 1829. There are very few instances on record of men who have become famous as speakers at the bar, or at the hustings, or at public meetings, having equally stood the test of the house of commons. It is one of Mr. Sheil's many claims on our admiration, that having been an energetic, enthusiastic, and successful leader in a great popular, or rather a great national movement, he should have had the taste and tact to so subdue his nature in the very hour of triumph, as afterwards to adapt his speaking to the tone most agreeable to the house, and to charm them as much by the fire of his eloquence as by the delicacy of his rhetorical artifices, without the aid of those stronger and more stirring stimulants to the passions which form the very essence of successful mob-oratory. In very few instances indeed has he even discarded these voluntary fetters on the exuberant vigor of his patriotism and nationality.

Not as an orator merely will Mr. Sheil assist to rescue this age from the charge of mediocrity. Thirty years ago he first began to be known and appreciated as a poet—when he was only looking forward to the bar as a profession, and long ere visions of applauding millions, or of high ministerial office, or a place in the councils of his sovereign, ever crossed his ardent and aspiring soul. As the author of the tragedies *Eradne* and *The Apostate*, Mr. Sheil already occupied a high place among the writers who were then his contemporaries—a place not very much unlike that now held by Talfourd. In the intervals of those productions, and for some time afterwards, he contributed to the periodicals of the day, and had altogether, even at the early age of twenty-two, made himself that kind of reputation for originality and a high order of talent which floats about society and interests, by some means or other, more certain in their action than perceptible, the general mind in the career of particular individuals. Still, although there were at all times vague predictions that he would “do something” some day or other, no one seems at that time to have suspected that he contained within him the powers which soon afterwards made him second but to one man as a leader of the Irish people, and ultimately have enabled him to compete with the most illustrious men of the day in those qualifications which ensure parliamentary success.

But with the time came the man. The Roman Catholic question had of late years assumed a great parliamentary importance. The stalking-

horse of an ambitious party, the cause had come at last to be regarded as “respectable.” English statesmen and orators—men who in a few years became the rulers of the country—succeeded those great and eloquent Irishmen in whom the advocacy of Roman Catholic freedom from civil disabilities had always been regarded as justifiable—nay, a matter of duty. In the mean while, all the legal dexterity of Mr. O'Connell had been devoted to the construction of an artful but comprehensive scheme of agitation, by which the people of Ireland might be organized and an unanimous call be made on the English parliament for emancipation. This organization went on, with more or less success, for years. Under the name of the Roman Catholic Association it rose from the most insignificant revival (after a temporary dispersion) in the year 1823, until it assumed that gigantic shape which ultimately terrified the government of England into an undignified submission. It was in that year, 1823, that Mr. Sheil and Mr. O'Connell, who were destined at no very distant time to be the great leaders of the association, first met, under circumstances somewhat romantic, at the house of a mutual friend in the mountains of Wicklow. There a congeniality of object overcame the natural repulsion of antagonist minds, and they laid down the plan of a new agitation. That their meeting was purely an accidental one made the results which followed still more remarkable.

Their first efforts were received with indifference by the people; but in a very few weeks the association was formed, and the rolling stone was set in motion. To those who are curious in such matters it will be instructive and amusing to observe the parallel circumstances of the origination of the Roman Catholic Association by some six or seven enthusiasts at a bookseller's shop in Dublin, and that of the anti-corn-law league, by a few merchants at Manchester, or at Preston—for the cotton-heroes of the late campaign have not yet determined at which place the nucleus was formed.

We have alluded to the natural repulsion of antagonist minds. Contrast more marked could scarcely exist than that which was exhibited by the two great leaders of the association. That their mental qualities were so different, and the sources of the admiration which each in his sphere excited so opposite, may be held to be one of the causes of the great success the association achieved. If Mr. Sheil was great in rhetoric—if his impassioned appeals to his countrymen and to the world stood the test not merely of Hibernian enthusiasm, but also of English criticism, Mr. O'Connell was greater in planning, in organization, in action, and he had in his rough and vigorous eloquence a lever which moved the passions of the Irish people. He perhaps had the good sense to see that as an orator, in the higher sense of the term, he could never equal his more brilliant and intellectual colleague. His triumphs lay in the council-chamber on the one hand, and in the market-place or the hill-side on the other. It was in the forum or on the platform that the more elevated and refined eloquence of Mr. Sheil, adorned with all the graces of art, charmed while it astonished a higher and more cultivated audience. Thus they never clashed. While all Europe rang with the fame of the “peaceful agitator,” who had taught his countrymen to use the forms of the constitution to the subversion of its spirit and objects;

every scholar, every statesman, every lover of the beautiful in oratory as an art, had already learned to admire that new, thrilling, imaginative, yet forcible style of eloquence, which ever and anon, amid the din and clamor of noisier warfare, sounded the spirit-stirring tocsin of nationality and religious liberty, breaking forth like intermittent lightning-flashes amidst the thunders of the agitation. Mr. Sheil, on the other hand, looked up to Mr. O'Connell for his indomitable energy and perseverance, his craft, cunning, caution, his thorough nationality and identification with the feelings of the people, and would as little have thought of substantially opposing his decision or resisting his general control over the proceedings of the association, as the other would have attempted to vie with him in eloquence. So they went on together, side by side, though really exercising so distinct an influence, with scarcely any of that jealousy or rivalry which has so often stifled similar undertakings in their very infancy. If Mr. Sheil's ideas of agitation were more grand and comprehensive; if he would fain have gone by a more direct and manly but more dangerous road to the intelligence of the English parliament and people; if, in his anxiety to impress on the world a deep and startling conviction of the union and nationality of the Irish people, and their absolute, even their slavish devotion to their leaders; if in this his superabundant energy and velocity of purpose, he would have drawn the association into the meshes of the law, there was Mr. O'Connell at his right hand to repress and guide, to steer clear of the rocks and shoals, to accomplish by that crafty prudence and keen dexterity in escape which savors so much of political cowardice, those objects which, in the other case, would have been realized by a more manly display of political audacity. Mr. Sheil might be the braver man at the boarding-pike or the gun, but Mr. O'Connell was the safer at the helm.

To Mr. Sheil was owing the idea of at once teaching the people of Ireland union and a sense of their strength, while obtaining an universal expression of their wish for emancipation, by means of simultaneous meetings throughout Ireland, in every parish in the kingdom, for the purpose of petitioning parliament to concede the Catholic claims. He would have gone further. He would have had a form of prayer prepared, by means of which, in every chapel in Ireland, the people might simultaneously join in an appeal to Heaven for the advancement of what *they* had been taught to believe was a sacred cause; that millions of men and women might breathe the same aspiration to their Creator, at the same moment throughout the length and breadth of the land. The conception, apart from its impropriety in a religious point of view, was a grand one, and strongly illustrative of its author's character. It was an idea more likely to occur to an enthusiastic and ardent imagination like that of Mr. Sheil, than to the more practical mind of Mr. O'Connell; who again was much more at home in framing a resolution or organizing an association, or holding a meeting, in such a manner as to evade the law. It was his successful boast that there was no act of parliament through which he would not drive a coach-and-six. Mr. Sheil had a poet's conception of agitation and organization; Mr. O'Connell's was that of a lawyer. Characters more opposed could scarcely have been brought together; that they harmonized so well, notwithstanding the many

daily causes of instinctive antagonism that must have arisen, is a miracle only to be accounted for by the influence which a popular movement always exercises on its leaders, so long as they are all pressing forward towards the same goal.

The Mr. Sheil, who now sits and speaks in the house of commons, who is a right honorable member of her majesty's privy council, and was not, so very many years ago, one of the most ornamental, if not quite the most useful, of the members of the whig cabinet, is, however, a very different personage, indeed, from the young, enthusiastic Irishman, barrister, poet, orator, agitator, whose fiery spirit fused into one silver flow of brilliant eloquence so many pure elements of democratic power. Except at intervals, when the old habit recurs, or when some tempting opportunity presents itself to urge the wrongs of Ireland without compromising his new associates, Mr. Sheil is one of the most quiet, silent, unobtrusive members of the house of commons. Indeed, he has become so identified with the whigs, that you scarcely remember him even as an Irishman, still less as one of those who, for so many years, defied the whole parliamentary power of the empire. He has of late years thrown himself almost entirely into the conventionalities of the house of commons, and has undergone mutation from a popular leader into a partisan. This is said in no spirit of disparagement; on the contrary, however "Young Ireland" may affect to scorn such apparent lukewarmness and subserviency to circumstances, it is really one of Mr. Sheil's most solid claims to our respect. Nor is his oratorical power diminished when, on occasion, he deigns to resort to it. On several occasions he has delivered speeches on great questions not affecting Ireland alone, but the whole empire, which, for vigor, beauty of imagery, boldness of conception, and sarcastic power, will vie with the best of those made in the very heat and fervor of his patriotism. It is not that his strength is diminished, but that it is more under the regulation of his taste and judgment.

Some of the speeches—harangues they would bear to be called—made by Mr. Sheil at the meetings of the Roman Catholic Association, will bear comparison with the most memorable ever called forth by the spirit of democracy. Almost from the first day he appeared on the platform of the association, the attention of the political world, indeed of all thinking men was fixed upon him. Those who could not be present to witness the powerful aid lent to his burning words by his striking and original action, still saw unquestionable genius in the exquisite language, the novel metaphors, so bold yet so well controlled, the forcible antithesis, the luxuriant imagery, the unapproachable sarcastic power, and, above all, in an irrepressible spirit of patriotism, an indignant sense of insulted national honor, that bore onwards the stream of his thoughts with a wild and reckless abandonment, perilous at every fall, yet, torrent-like, free again at a fresh bound and rushing far away in flashing beauty. By the side of the deep, steady current of Mr. O'Connell's eloquence, slow moving like a mighty river, the rapid flow of Mr. Sheil's pure, clear, poetical diction, gave a delightful and refreshing relief to the mind. Take up the proceedings of those meetings, and the very sentences, so short and exquisitely framed, seem as it were to gleam and glitter. Never was sedition clothed in more seductive language, or democratic principles

made more fascinating to the most fastidious intellect. In his strong conviction of the justice of his cause, he would certainly at times broach doctrines as to the means to be employed, which it required all the moral weight of Mr. O'Connell and his timorous prudence to counteract. But if the fiery and impetuous young advocate of a people was sometimes thus hurried on, by the ardor of his imagination, to lengths which his calmer judgment would have hesitated to confront, it was so clearly only the irrepressible enthusiasm of the poet-agitator, not the significant appeal of the designing demagogue, that the poison of the thought had its antidote along with it in the chosen and beautiful words through which it was conveyed. But, with all their faults, and in spite of the meagre and imperfect reports of them which appeared in the newspapers and the published proceedings of the Roman Catholic Association, those speeches spread the reputation of Mr. Sheil far and wide—wherever public opinion was aroused on the Roman Catholic question—a question which, to the opponents as well as to the supporters of the Roman Catholic claims, was growing to be one of the most vital importance. Their faults were, indeed, many. The politician might be able to find excuses in the singular position of the then leaders of the Irish people, and the momentous nature and exciting interest of the contest, for the occasional bursts of anti-English feeling, the exultation over English faults and follies, the unconstitutional tone of many of those orations, by which the suppressed hatreds of centuries were arrayed against the comparatively innocent statesmen and people of a single age; the poisoned arrows of the rash rhetorician might rebound from the mail of principle in which the Protestant legislator encased himself, confident in its strength against all but the artillery of popular enthusiasm poured in by the more crafty and designing genius of O'Connell. But the critic, fastidious in eloquence, could not forgive, in one whose genius he was compelled to admire, the frequent violations of good taste which the rising orator had not then learnt to avoid—the use, without selection or abstinence, of metaphors, whose extravagance could not be excused, however their boldness might be felt or their force acknowledged, and the sacrifice to political passions of the symmetry and poetical harmony of what, but for those errors of a luxuriant fancy, might have been grand models of oratorical perfection for all time, each, for its eloquent history of national wrongs, an epic, not spoken only to listening thousands, but recorded as at once a delight and a warning to millions yet to come. And, indeed, we do not overrate the political value of those speeches while thus looking back at their faults. Time has obliterated their immediate effects, there are not many who remember to have heard them; and, of the multitudes who read them and felt their power at the time they were delivered, the majority have forgotten, in the excitement of subsequent contests, the great moral influence which they once exercised. But history is already recording their results, and, happily for his own fame, and for the gratification of his countrymen, he who delivered them is yet strong, ay, still stronger in those powers which he possesses in such rare perfection, toned down and chastened as they now are in their exercise, by increased intercourse with mankind, and the natural effect which time and the absence of all causes of excitement have produced on an ardent and irritable temperament. The

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the alleged charge that the Irish were aliens in blood and religion, he delivered this magnificent burst:—

"Where was Arthur Duke of Wellington when those words were uttered? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

'The battles, sieges, fortunes that he 'd pass'd'

ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory; Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse—and last of all, the greatest. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, (pointing to Sir Henry Hardinge,) who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest;—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose: when with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, 'Up, lads, and at them!'—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, on the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green arm of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out!"

The effect produced by this passage will not be easily forgotten. The passionate vehemence of the speaker and the mournful music of his voice were a living echo to the deep emotions with which his soul seemed charged. Lord Lyndhurst was in the house at the time, and although conscious that the whole passage was only a beautiful phantasmagoria raised by the art of the rhetorician, still he could not but admire. It would seem invidious to attempt to neutralize so fine a burst of feeling; but a few words of truth will go far to do it. It unfortunately happens that Mr. Sheil himself, in a speech at the Roman Catholic Association, in January, 1823, laid down in distinct and unequivocal terms the very same doctrine—that the Irish were aliens—for giving currency to

which he so successfully assailed Lord Lyndhurst with the keen arrows of his oblivious passion.

Metaphor and antithesis are the chief agents he uses in his speeches. Sometimes the latter is exquisitely perfect; sometimes, on the other hand, labored and clumsy, and so forced as to defeat itself. Too often he is run away with by the seduction of this pleasing but mechanical mode of pointing thoughts, to the manifest injury and weakening of his argument or of the general tone he wishes to convey. Then you see that he is only the orator, the sentence-maker, the painter of brilliant pictures; that he wishes his triumphs to be more over the passions or the imagination than over the reason or the judgment. His style has other defects akin to these. For instance, he will often sacrifice the real strength of a phrase and endanger the success of the thought or argument it conveys, led away by the seductive sound of some word or words rhythmically pleasing in combination, but the application of which in such a manner the judgment rejects; and he will also lose the force and beauty of real antithesis in the glitter or the novelty of its false counterpart. For an odd paradoxical phrase he will risk the simplicity and truth of a sentence. Speaking of the Whig Tithe-bill, he exclaimed, "Tithes are to be abolished. How? By providing for them a sepulchre from which they are to rise in an *immortal resurrection!*" This is an abuse of language. His metaphors are bold and striking. Among many brilliant things in his speeches against Lord Stanley he said—"The people of Ireland behold the pinnacles of the Establishment shattered by the lightning of Grattan's eloquence."

He excels in sarcastic humor, which is generally conveyed in the most delicate touches. He is like Lord Lyndhurst in the apparent ease and artlessness with which he infuses the most keen and cutting allusions by the addition of a word or the turn of a sentence in the midst of the most level argument. He seldom makes a "dead set" at his victim, like Lord Brougham; and he therefore produces the more effect. Some of his smartest hits of this kind were at Lord Stanley. It was he who spoke of that minister as "the then Secretary-at-war with Ireland;" and, when alluding to Sir James Graham in council with the noble lord, he spoke of them as "Lord Stanley and his confederate." On another occasion, speaking of "divine service," as referred to in an act of parliament, he jettied in a parenthesis ("divine is an *alias* for Protestant") well understood by the Roman Catholics, and having as much force as twenty elaborate speeches. He is not very reverent in his jokes. Alluding to the Temporalities act, he observed that "Lord Stanley had struck off ten bishops at one blow; he blew off ten mitres from the head of the hierarchy at a single puff." If he can make a witty point or shape a felicitous phrase, no fastidiousness of taste or delicacy of feeling restrains him from wreaking his wit on an antagonist. There are several instances on record where he has done this towards individuals, though never in an ill-natured or spiteful spirit. He is equally liberal in his sarcastic allusions to classes or bodies of men, and not more delicate. We remember an instance in one of his speeches which illustrates this peculiarity in his style. He had been drawing a somewhat glowing and over-charged picture of the good results to ensue from church reform, and he summed them up in terms of characteristic power, and of a degree of coarse-

ness not often met with in his speeches. He said, as a climax to his anticipations of good, that when these reforms should have been effected, "the bloated paunch of the unwieldy rector would no longer heave in holy magnitude beside the shrinking abdomen of the starving and miserably prolific curate."

Sometimes his sarcasm on individuals is really searing, sometimes playfully severe. We remember one amusing instance of the latter. One day, at the Catholic Association, a volunteer patriot—a Mr. Addis, we believe—came forward and made a very strong speech, more remarkable for enthusiasm than prudence, in which he offered, if necessary, to lay his head on the block in the cause of Ireland. His address was rather a dangerous one to those whom he professed to serve, as the crown lawyers were at that time more than usually on the alert. Mr. Sheil desired publicly to counteract the possible mischief. He rose, and, with his peculiar sarcastic emphasis, observed, "The honorable gentleman has just made us an oblation of his head; he has accompanied his offer with abundant evidence of the value of the sacrifice." Columns of abuse from Mr. O'Connell would not have proved half so effectual as this quiet rebuke.

But we must draw these observations to a close. The characteristics and defects of his speeches have been more dwelt upon, because his eccentricities of delivery have been frequently and powerfully described. There is a striking correspondence between his personal peculiarities and the leading features of his speeches. He is unique as an orator. There is a harmony between the outer and inner man which you do not find in others—for instance, in Mr. Macaulay. Having read his speeches, if you see him, you are not surprised to find that it was from him that they proceeded. Small in stature, delicately formed, with a strongly marked countenance full of expression, he looks the man of genius, and betrays in every motion that impulsive temperament on which excitement acts like a whirlwind. He seems "of imagination all compact." You see the body, but you think of the mind. It is embodied passion, thought, fancy; not mere organized matter. "Look! what comes here!—a grave unto a soul, holding the Eternal Spirit against its will!" you are tempted to exclaim with the poet who of all others could have appreciated such rare products of nature's love-labor, such unusual blendings of the spiritual and the material. Yet there is nothing of the beautiful in a physical sense, little of that personal perfection or refinement which made a Byron or a Shelley so loved or worshipped by their intimates. The charm of Mr. Sheil's appearance consists in the striking and powerful development of intellect; in the quick reflex of thought in the features; the mobility of body, the firm grasp, as it were, which is taken by the mind of the corporeal frame, making it the ready and obedient slave of its slightest and most sudden will. Thoroughly masculine in moral strength, in the intensity of his feelings, and the strong power with which he impresses them on others, Mr. Sheil has also all the femininity which we attach to our idea of the poetical temperament, though it shows itself not in personal delicacy or symmetry so much as in a supreme and serene control over the body by the spirit. There is more of Edmund Kean than of Shelley in this transparency of the corporeal man to the intellectual light within. A writer, who would seem to be well acquainted with his subject,

has said, speaking of Mr. Sheil's personal appearance,—

"Small in stature and make, like so many men of genius, he bears the marks of a delicate organization. The defects of a figure not disproportioned, and yet not strictly symmetrical, are overlooked in the play of the all-informing mind, which keeps the frame and limbs in rapid and harmonious motion when in action. The body, though so small in itself, is surmounted by a head which lends it dignity—a head, though proportionately small in size, yet so full of intellectual development, so wide-browed, that, while it seems large in itself, it raises the apparent stature of the wiry frame on which it rests. The forehead is broad and prominent, but, at first sight, it rather contradicts the usual development of the intellectual; though really deep and high, it seems to overhang the brow. Under it gleams an eye, piercing and restless even in the repose of the mind, but indescribably bright and deep-meaning when excited. The mouth, small, sharp—the lips chiselled fine, till, under the influence of passion, they are almost transparent like a shell—is a quick ally in giving point and meaning to the subtlest ideas of the ever-active brain; apt in its keen-like expression, alike of the withering sarcasm, the delicate irony, or the overwhelming burst of sincere and passionate vehemence. The features generally are small, but, under the influence of ennobling emotion, they seem to expand, until, at times, they look grand, almost heroic. Yet when the baser passions obtain the mastery over this child of impulse—as they will sometimes over the best in the heat of party warfare—these features, so capable of giving expression to all that elevates our moral and intellectual nature, become contracted, the paleness of concentrated passion overspreads them. Instead of the eloquent earnestness of high-wrought feeling, you see (but this is rare, indeed) the gloating hue of suppressed rage, the tremulous restraint of cautious spite. In place of the dilated eye, and features flushed with noble elevation of soul, or conscious pride of intellectual power, you have a keen, piercing, adder-like glance, withering, fascinating, but no longer beautiful. Yet the intellect, though for a time the slave of passion, is the intellect still."

His peculiar style of eloquence, his rapidity of utterance, variety and impressiveness of action, and harmonious tones of voice, now deep and richly melodious in the expression of solemn emotion, now loud and piercing in the excitement of passion, almost defy description. Imagine all the beauties of Kean's performance of Othello crowded into half an hour's highly sustained eloquence, and you have some tangible idea of what is the effect. While the impulse is upon him he seems as if possessed, his nature is stirred to its very depths, the fountains of his soul pour forth unceasingly the living waters. His head glows like a ball of fire, the soul struggles through every outlet of expression. His arms, now raised aloft, as if in imprecation, are, in a moment, extended downwards, as if in supplication, the clenched fingers clasped like those of one in strong agony. Anon, and the small, thin, delicate wiry hand is stretched forth, the face assumes an expression the very ideal of the sarcastic, and the finger of scorn is pointed towards the object of attack. A thousand varying expressions, each powerful and all beautiful, are crowded into the brief time during which his excitement (which, like that of actors, though prepared, is genuine

while it fasts) hurries him on to pour forth his whole soul in language of such elegance and force.

Mr. Sheil occupies a position different from that of most of his countrymen in parliament. The Irish member who most approaches him in intellectual qualities, though not in actual eloquence, is Mr. Wyse. Like Mr. Wyse, he has associated himself with the whig party, who chose him to be one of their ministers when they desired to fraternize with the Irish Catholics, because he was at once talented, moderate, and respectable. For joining them, he has been made the subject of virulent abuse by the extreme party in Ireland; but he has too much steadiness of purpose and good sense to be much affected by it. His position in the house is well earned, not merely by his eloquence, but also by the general amenity of his disposition, whether as a politician or a private individual. Were all the Irish members like Mr. Sheil, the Irish question might be speedily and satisfactorily settled.

From the Spectator.

MEMOIRS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONARY IN THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

MR. MUSGRAVE, whose colonial life as a clergyman is narrated in this volume, was, by dint of books on geography, early smitten with "romantic ideas concerning America;" and it was his boyish determination to settle in what he then thought an earthly Paradise. This idea passed away; but in very early manhood "a circumstance occurred, involving in its consequences so much of sorrow and misery as led him to form a more true and correct estimate of the comparative value of the things of heaven and earth than he had ever done before." He studied for the church; took orders; passed some time as a hard-working curate in a large town; and in the year 18— was appointed a missionary for a township in one of our North American Colonies, (which seems to have been Canada,) by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

The Memoirs contain an account of his life and experiences, from his first arrival in the colony, full of the hope and buoyancy of youth, till he has reached mature age, somewhat broken by toil, narrowed circumstances, and domestic afflictions. The topics of his pen are—the character of his parish duties and of his parishioners; the troubles he had in raising money to build churches, and in contending with sectarians; various incidents of a singular, or, as Mr. Musgrave is inclined to think, of a "providential" kind, occurring among the rough and simple people by whom a district is first broken up; with accounts of occasional conversions among his flock. The more biographical subjects involve his own adventures on various occasions when travelling about the country, the personal difficulties he experienced in household affairs, from the peculiar position of a clergyman and the backward state of the district; together with some domestic incidents—his marriage, the deaths of children, &c.; and a sketch of the campaign against the rebels, when he turned out, unarmed, at the head of his armed parishioners, who rose en masse.

With a slight touch of provincial fine writing, the narrative of Mr. Musgrave is very real, but

slightly literal and feeble. His composition has a singular mixture of the simplicity of the old divines with the peculiarity of the modern Methodist tract, and something of that original unkempt character which people acquire in solitude, and which gave such individual raciness to the men of the middle ages, and even to our grandfathers. His weakness and peculiarities, however, impart interest to the book, as they present a truer view of the common life of the country, and of course homelier information, than if a more judging eye had selected the subjects and a more skilful pen presented them. They are also full of suggestions and intimations. In the superstitions of the people respecting haunted houses, supernatural warnings, unearthly horsemen riding by night, and other sounds as mysterious, we have a picture of "old England" such as it was before rapid locomotion had banished the belief of the invisible world, or at least the avowal of it, save in those out-of-the-way places which modern improvements have not reached. More striking still is the manner in which it enables us to read and realize many things in the olden time: we transport ourselves "beyond the ignorant present." Mechanical and material facilities have induced in this country a division of labor and a fastidious refinement which attach fully enough if not too much to conventional and external forms. We are so accustomed to a "professional gentleman," much more a clergyman, not soiling his hands by doing anything useful, that when we read of ancient enactments against divines frequenting public-houses or keeping them, or pursuing any secular occupation for gain, no effort of the mind can reconcile us to the idea; and much the same might be said of the farming parson, not yet entirely extinct. In the Memoirs before us, we are led to see the absolute necessity of many of these things in the outset (however improper or corrupt they might finally become;) and that in a poor country, where money is scarce and population thin and scattered, the clergyman cannot receive a money salary, but must derive his subsistence to a great extent from his own exertions. Where tradesmen of any kind are rare and there are no capitalists, he must work himself, or overlook the workmen he hires; ride like a post-boy or a jockey, and indeed harder, in the mere fulfilment of his duties; and put up with any accommodation that may offer. No doubt, the forms of things are different. In Canada there are no tithes, which the Romish Church in Europe managed to exact at a very early period; on the other hand, a money salary, though insufficient, is paid to the missionaries; and the knowledge even of the most ignorant settler is very different from popular opinion in the dark ages. The picture of a clergyman's life in Canada also suggests the advantage of celibacy to a missionary; as his labors indicate that monasteries in the first case had a real utility. Independently of the obvious advantage of dividing labor according to the aptitude of men's natures, transferring the coarser business to the coarser mind, and reserving the religious duties and the scholarly pursuits to the better and more refined character, one man was really insufficient for the duties of a large district. In the Protestant church this separation cannot well take place; and in new or poor countries a divine must become something like a jack-of-all-trades—with no great advantage, we suspect, to his intellect or his delicacy.

These opinions will be best tested by a perusal

of the book: the proper extracts to support them fully would occupy more space than we can spare; but here is one.

A CLERGYMAN'S DUTY IN A COLONY.

"On one occasion I was called upon one Saturday morning, I well remember it yet, to marry a couple at a settlement fifteen miles off. I started very early, and got back about five o'clock in the evening, weary and almost worn out, more by the excessive heat than by the length of the journey; and was very thankful to return to my comfortable home. But on giving my horse, which was about as tired as myself, to my servant, I was informed that a man was waiting for me, and had been for several hours, to go with him twenty-five miles to see his wife, who was thought to be at the very point of death. I directed my servant to give the man his dinner, and got my own; and then immediately set off with him on a fresh horse, and arrived at my journey's end about ten o'clock at night. I found the poor woman very ill, worse indeed than she had been represented to be. I sat up and talked and prayed with her, or read to her, till four o'clock in the morning; when her happy spirit ascended to Him who gave it.

"I then threw myself on a sofa, which I found in an adjoining room, for an hour or two; and starting again for home, got there in time to take a hasty breakfast, and to dress for church, at eleven.

"Morning service over, I rode nine miles to one of my outposts, for evening service; and then home once more.

"I was up early the next morning, in order to be off in time for the poor woman's funeral, which was to be at ten o'clock, by my own appointment. As I mounted my horse, my servant, a raw but well-meaning Irish lad, said to me—'An is 't off agin ye are! Sure an the horses 'll be kilt, if the maister hisself is n't.'

"'I cannot help it, John,' I replied; 'I must go.'

"'Well, well!' he rejoined; 'I never seen the likes o' this afore! But there's no rest for the wicked, I see.'

"I cast upon him a searching look, to ascertain whether his remark was to be imputed to impertinence: but the simple expression of commiseration on his countenance at once convinced me that he meant no harm.

"I pushed on, for fear of being too late, to meet the funeral at the burial-ground, about three miles from the house of mourning. I was there far too soon, and had to wait several hours. There is an unwillingness on such occasions to be punctual; arising, I am inclined to believe, from the fear of being guilty of an undue and disrespectful haste 'to bury their dead out of their sight.'

"It was late in the evening when I got home; and, what with the fatigue and the heat of the weather, and the want of rest, I was fairly worn out, and so ill as to be obliged to keep my room for three days."

CURIOSITY AND GOOD COMPANY.

"I had for fellow passengers a country judge of the Court of Requests, a magistrate, and a colonel and major of militia, all belonging to and residing in my intended mission. Through the indefatigable exertions of some or all of these *titled gentry*, in examining the partially-defaced direc-

tions on my trunks, and questioning not only my servant but myself also, my name and purpose had been successfully made out before I had been an hour in their company. I was far from being sorry for this, as I received from them the most marked and flattering attentions.

"I thought at first, that, as far as good society was concerned, I had 'fallen on my feet:' but, alas! my judge turned out to be a petty shop-keeper, a doler out of drams to the drunken raftsmen; the magistrate, an old rebel soldier of the United States, living upon a pension of 20*l.* a year from that government as the reward of his treason, and at the same time holding a commission of the peace under the one against which he had successfully fought. The colonel, the most respectable of my *dignified* companions, had been a sergeant in the — regiment, and was now living upon his pension of a shilling a day; and to complete my catalogue, the major was the jolly landlord of a paltry village-tavern."

COLONIAL POVERTY.

"The people belonging to the church, although more numerous than those of any other single denomination, were still very few: and the first time I administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, I had only nine communicants. They were also very poor, as new settlers generally are; and this was comparatively, with the exception of the small village, a new settlement; and yet, strange as it may appear to a dweller in the old country, they were all well off in the world. They had all the necessaries and comforts of life at their command, and even some of the luxuries: still they were poor, as far as the ability to pay money was concerned; they had it not, neither could they obtain it without great exertions, and still greater sacrifices; and nothing else would build the church. Some of the work, it is true, could be done by themselves; and they willingly and freely did it."

THE Annual Meeting of the members of the London Library took place, some days since, at their new mansion in St. James' square,—the Earl of Clarendon in the chair. It appeared, from the report, that this institution is fast progressing in public favor. The plan (which includes the lending of the best books in every language at the homes of the subscribers, and some of these the most rare editions of standard works and books of the highest price, for the small annual subscription of 2*l.* with an entrance fee of 6*l.*), has obtained such success, that, independently of the presents made by his royal highness Prince Albert and others, there have been expended upwards of 7500*l.* in the purchase of books. The library already contains upwards of 10,000 volumes.

AMONG the public works in Ireland about to be immediately commenced, for the purpose of furnishing labor to the poor, we observe that preparations are making for the erection of the new college in Galway, on the site selected, and approved by the Board of Works. The design is described as being that of a splendid edifice—of the architectural style of Henry the Eighth's time—well adapted to the accidental resources of the locality, which abounds in limestone of the very best quality.

From Chambers' Journal.

JENNER AND VACCINATION.

No more fatal or formidable disease has ever scourged the human race than one—now happily becoming the subject for history—the small-pox. Authoritative evidence has of late years been adduced to show that it existed in the Mosaic period, and in China it has been known from the earliest ages. Most of the fearful plagues which from time to time, on various portions of the earth's surface, have swept myriads into untimely graves, were no other than devastating visitations of this dreaded disease; and even pursuing its ordinary course, it carried off one in fourteen of all that were born. In Ceylon, whenever it broke out, entire villages were abandoned; and in Thibet, on one occasion, the capital was deserted for three whole years. In the Russian empire, two millions of human beings died of small-pox in twelve months. Bernoulli calculated that fifteen millions fell victims to it every twenty-five years, taking the whole world, or six hundred thousand annually, of which number not less than two hundred and ten thousand were estimated for Europe alone. And to come down to more recent times, the readers of Mr. Catlin's work on the Indians of North America will remember the terrible accounts of the destruction of whole tribes by this deadly malady. Regarded as inevitable, it came also to be considered as irremediable, and the world submitted to its ravages as a calamity of fate. In 1714, Dr. Timoni of Constantinople published a work on the subject; and to the good sense, courage, and influence of Lady M. W. Montagu, who caused her son to be inoculated in the Turkish capital by Mr. Maitland, surgeon to the embassy, England is indebted for the counteracting practice. In 1722, her daughter was inoculated in this country by the same gentleman; and the method was generally adopted until 1740, when it had fallen nearly into disuse; but favorable accounts coming from abroad, it was again revived; and, to propagate the salutary modification, the then Princess of Wales caused two of her daughters to be inoculated. The new remedy, however, met with great opposition. Some denounced it as an attempt, "at once impious and unavailing, to counteract the visitations of an all-wise Providence;" asserting that, in the case of adults who voluntarily submitted themselves to it, the crime was that of suicide; but in respect to children, "it was horrid murder of the little unoffending innocents." It was anathematized from the pulpits as an invention of Satan, and its "abettors" as sorcerers and atheists. A clergyman of London, named Massey, declared that it was no new art, as Job had been inoculated by the devil.

Owing to the careless practice of the time, there was some show of right in the opposition. The infected were not kept separate from others; and as inoculation always produced the true disease in its usual infectious form, it became more widely disseminated, and the mortality frightfully increased. In the year 1800, it broke out no less than twenty times in the Channel fleet alone; and the records of the Asylum for the Indigent Blind showed that three fourths of those relieved lost their sight from small-pox. Its victims in Great Britain amounted to forty-five thousand annually; and the celebrated La Condamine, pleading for the adoption of a remedy in France, said, "*La petite vérole nous décline*"—"The small-pox decimates

us." Such were the fatal effects of a disease described by Sir Matthew Hale, even in those who recovered, as "the very next degree to absolute rottenness, putrefaction, and death itself."

The world was in this distressing condition when a remedy at once mild, harmless, and effectual, first attracted the attention of Jenner, then a young man pursuing his studies under a practitioner at Sodbury, in Gloucestershire; where the subject of small-pox being in the presence of a country girl who came for advice, she exclaimed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." "This incident rivetted the attention of Jenner. It was the first time that the popular notion, which was not at all uncommon in the district, had been brought home to him with force and influence. Most happily, the impression then made was never effaced. Young as he was, and insufficiently acquainted with any of the laws of physiology or pathology, he dwelt with deep interest on the communication which had been casually made to him by a peasant, and partly foresaw the vast consequences involved in so remarkable a phenomenon."* Possessing much patience and firmness of purpose, Jenner was willing to wait the fruition of his ideas; and contented himself at first with speaking of the prophylactic virtues of the cow-pox among his friends, which he recommended them to investigate. But they treated it as an idle notion; and as he persisted in bringing it before them, they threatened to expel him from their society, "if he continued to harass them with so unprofitable a subject." His firmness of purpose came to his aid; he persevered in his inquiries. It was continually urged, in reply to his assertions, "The evidence is altogether so inconclusive and unsatisfactory, that we put no value on it, and cannot think that it will lead to anything but uncertainty and disappointment." His opinions, in many instances, met with abhorrence and contempt, and were treated with general indifference.

Jenner was fortunate in possessing the friendship of the celebrated John Hunter, under whom he had studied in London, and to whom he communicated his views. The reply of the great anatomist supported and stimulated his courage—"Don't think, but *try*; be patient, be accurate." He knew how to wait. In 1775, his ideas and prospects began to assume a definite form: he foresaw something of the great work before him. To one of his friends, to whom he had explained his theory, he said, "I have intrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove of essential benefit to the human race." He vaccinated his own son on three different occasions. Many years, however, elapsed before he had an opportunity of completing his experiments, in the course of which a formidable obstacle was encountered: he found that cow-pox was not, in every case, an effectual preventative of the small-pox. This led him to discover the true from the spurious vaccine matter; of which the former alone produces any specific action on the constitution. Though this disappointed, it did not discourage him. He investigated the facts, and arrived at last at the true explanation. He talked of it;

* In after-life, Jenner was accustomed to relate an anecdote of the days of Charles II. Some one telling the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland that she would soon deplore the loss of her beauty from the effects of the small-pox, then raging in London, she replied there was no ground for fear, as in her own country she had undergone an attack of the cow-pox, which was a preservative.

wrote of it to his friends; and it was mentioned in London in 1788 by medical professors in their lectures.

In 1798, he published the result of his observations in a quarto of about seventy pages,* in which he gave details of twenty-three cases of successful vaccination on individuals, to whom it was afterwards found to be impossible to communicate the small-pox either by contagion or inoculation. After weighing every sentence with the greatest care, it was submitted to the judgment of his friends. The work is interspersed with remarks on the identity of the matter in the cow, and in the heels of the horse, when suffering from the disease known as "grease"† and concludes, "Thus far have I proceeded in an inquiry founded, as it must appear, on the basis of an experiment in which, however, conjecture has been occasionally admitted, in order to present to persons well situated for such discussions objects for a more minute investigation. In the mean time, I shall myself continue to prosecute this inquiry, encouraged by the hope of its becoming essentially beneficial to mankind."

The publication of this work, so ~~modestly and temperately~~ written, immediately excited the greatest attention. In the same year the author had occasion to visit London, where, during his stay of nearly three months, he could not meet with a single person willing to come forward to test the experiment. Mr. Cline, however, afterwards tried the vaccine matter, and proved that, when it had gone through the system, it was impossible to communicate small-pox to the same person. Two ladies, whose names are deserving of record—Lady Ducie, and the Countess of Berkeley—broke through the prejudices of the day, and caused their children to be vaccinated. The countenance and coöperation of the higher classes of London were in great part secured by the instrumentality of Mr. Knight, inspector-general of military hospitals: and it appeared that females were most conspicuous in the good work; arising, probably, from their natural anxiety as mothers for the safety of their offspring. Lady Peyton urged the professional men in her neighborhood to adopt the practice. In the following year the children of the Duke of Clarence, then residing at Bushy, were vaccinated; and a feeling began to spread in favor of the protective remedy.

Jenner watched for the realization of his hopes. The happiness appeared to be his "of removing, from among the list of human diseases, one of the most mortal that ever scourged our race." But the opposition was brewing; and first, after the publication of his "Inquiry," came that of Dr. Ingenhousz—a name celebrated in medical and scientific history. He was on a visit to Lord Lansdowne at his seat in Wiltshire, when, hearing of a case of small-pox in a man who had previously caught the cow-pox while milking at a dairy, he wrote to Jenner, pointing out the mischief his doctrine would cause, "should it prove erroneous." Jenner replied temperately and conclusively; but his opponent, who signed himself "physician to

the emperor and king," became "rude, and truly imperious," in proportion as his arguments were confuted. We are informed that "he knew no more of the real nature of cow-pox than Master Selwin did of Greek." But, said Jenner, writing to a friend, "Tis no use to shoot straws at an eagle. * * My friends must not desert me now: brick-bats and hostile weapons of every sort are flying thick around me. * * My experiments move on, but I have all to do single-handed." In a subsequent letter to Ingenhousz, he explains, "Ere I proceed, let me be permitted to observe that truth in this and every other physiological inquiry that has occupied my attention, has ever been the first object of my pursuit; and should it appear, in the present instance, that I have been led into error, fond as I may appear of the offspring of my labors, I had rather see it perish at once, than exist and do a public injury."

Many eminent professional men now appeared to favor his views, while others received them with derision and distrust. Some doubted all the facts and reasons adduced in his "Inquiry;" a second party denied the merit of bringing forward a fact which had been long known in obscure places in the country; a third affirmed that everything relating to it had yet to be discovered; and a fourth, that the discoverer's opinions were worth nothing—that he had originally obtained the vaccine virus from another practitioner; and, even admitting his reasons, the protective powers of the new remedy would be lost after the lapse of four years. The declared enemies to the practice were less fatal to its success than its pretended friends: the latter had a professional status, which lent authority to their statements, that imposed on the unthinking part of the community. Experiments were made at the Small-pox Hospital in London, which proved most disastrous to the infant cause; as, from want of care, the true variolous matter, as Jenner expressed it, was "contaminated" with small-pox, and differed in effect but very slightly from the real disease. This drew upon him the indignation of the metropolitan practitioners: who, however, as it was afterwards established, had been actually disseminating the tainted matter over many parts of England and the continent.

In 1799, Dr. Woodville, a physician of London, published a report throwing doubts on the real efficacy of vaccination, which tended to check the high expectations that had been formed of it. Another member of the medical profession, Dr. Pearson, lectured on the subject, and issued circulars, offering to distribute the matter to all who applied; thus constituting himself the chief promoter of the new method, to the prejudice of the discoverer, to whom his nephew wrote, "All your friends agree that now is your time to establish your fame and fortune: but if you delay taking a personal active part any longer, the opportunity will be lost forever." It had been intimated to Jenner, that if he would settle in London, he might command a practice of £10,000 per annum. He observes, in his reply, "Shall I, who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life—the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame!"

But the good cause continued to make progress. Its author, in a letter written to the Princess Louisa at Berlin, in December of the same year, states that 5000 persons had then been vaccinated, and afterwards exposed to the contagion of small-pox;

* An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ; a disease discovered in some of the western counties of England, particularly Gloucestershire, and known by the name of the Cow-pox.

† It is now known "that there are at least four animals—namely, the horse, the cow, the sheep, and the goat—which are affected with a disorder communicable to man, and capable of securing him from what appears to be a malignant form of the same disease."

but without any ill effect. Lord Egremont took great pains, in a correspondence with Jenner, to clear up the anomaly arising from impure vaccination at Petworth, where he took all the patients, fourteen in number, into his mansion, to prevent the spread of the disease. This nobleman subsequently became one of the most zealous promoters of the new method.

Notwithstanding the violent and unscrupulous opposition manifested in many quarters, the new cause made progress. In this same year attempts were made to form vaccine institutions for gratuitous vaccination, in which Bath took the lead, followed soon after by London. At the head of the latter was Dr. Pearson, of whom mention has been already made. He arrogated to himself all the honors and advantages as head of the establishment; and, following his "rule of doing justice," as he stated in a letter to Jenner, had reserved for him the honor of "extra-corresponding physician." Jenner declined the offered dignity, and wrote to Lord Egremont his objections to the plan proposed by Dr. Pearson—the man who had denied and distorted his experiments—and declared firmly against any compromise or contradiction of his own views. Although a fierce war was then raging, the fame of the new remedy found its way to the continent. Drs. Odier and Peschin of Geneva wrote and lectured on the subject; and in the two following years 1500 persons were vaccinated in that city. It was known in America before it had been heard of in Paris. Dr. Waterhouse of Massachusetts first made the American public acquainted with it, through the medium of the newspapers, as "*Something Curious in the Medical Line.*" The president Jefferson, with his sons-in-law, vaccinated nearly two hundred persons among their own connexions. At the same time it reached our colony of Newfoundland.

Soon after, a vaccine institution was opened in Paris, superintended by committees appointed to obtain precise information, through whose labors the salutary remedy was made known throughout France. The Spanish government, in 1800, took up the question with extraordinary zeal, and fitted out an expedition to convey vaccination to their South American colonies. In 1801, a mission was sent to carry it to Gibraltar and Malta; and in the same year Dr. Walker accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby's forces to Egypt, and vaccinated great numbers of the troops. It was also introduced at Palermo, where, in the preceding year, 8000 persons had died of small-pox; and into our vessels of war by Dr. Trotter, physician to the fleet, who said, in one of his letters, "The Jennerian inoculation will be deservedly recorded as one of the greatest blessings to the navy of Great Britain that was ever extended to it." It was eagerly welcomed in Germany: and the successful vaccination of Princess Louisa caused its effective introduction into Prussia, the result of which was, the foundation of a Royal Inoculation Institute at Berlin. In Vienna, the use of the new remedy was at first forbidden, having been confounded with small-pox inoculation: the restrictions were, however, soon removed, and some of the most successful experiments performed in that city. At Brunn, in Moravia, a philanthropic nobleman, Count Hugh de Salm, exerted himself, by the distributing of rewards and treatises, to disseminate the practice in that part of the empire. A temple was erected and dedicated to Jenner, in which his birthday is still annually celebrated.

In 1801, the vaccine was sent from Breslau to Moscow, where the empress-dowager "zealously promoted the new practice," and desired that the name of *Vaccinoff* should be given to the first infant—a female—submitted to it. She sent a diamond ring to Jenner, with a letter signed by her own hand, expressive of "her gratitude to him who rendered this signal service to humanity." Jenner replied, that the imperial favor was not for him alone; "it will be felt by the whole world; for sanctions like these will materially tend to extinguish prejudice." In Denmark and Sweden, so effectual were the measures taken for the propagation of the antidote, that the small-pox was extirpated, and did not return for twenty years; and in Wirtemberg, penalties were exacted from all those who neglected vaccination.

Jenner himself offered one thousand guineas towards fitting out a ship to convey the vaccine to Asia, when it had been delayed by the parsimony of the government. It reached the East Indies in 1801; and the physicians at Bombay corresponded with the discoverer on the subject. The coöperation of the Brahmins, and the favor of the natives, were secured by a trick. A short poem was written in Sanscrit, on old paper, purporting to be of great antiquity, and to have been early known in the country, in which the remedy was recommended; and appealed directly to the religious feelings of the natives, as the "wonderful preventive" was said to have been originally derived from a cow. It was carried to Africa by way of the Mediterranean; and in 1802, Lord and Lady Elgin, being then on a tour, successfully introduced it into Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. The matter was sent overland to Bagdad, on lint secured between glass closely sealed, and dipped in melted wax until it became covered by a solid ball, then packed in a box with paper shavings. It arrived safe, and succeeded at the first trial. In other instances, the matter was found to be efficacious after twice crossing the Atlantic, and retained its virtues during a tedious mission through the remotest provinces of the Russian empire to the borders of China.

The progress of the "extirpator" was such, that in 1802 it was stated, in evidence before a committee of the house of commons, that 2,000,000 of persons had then been vaccinated, of whom not one had died of the affection. These numbers were, however, but a small proportion of what they might have been, had the practice of vaccination been allowed to have free course—unopposed by ignorance, prejudice, or selfishness. Though there were many to do justice to the immortal discovery, yet a host of others, on very slender grounds, raised a fierce and clamorous opposition. Few even of its friends took the pains to make themselves well acquainted with the principles of the new method. A "faction" of physicians got up a spirited opposition in the papal states, and reported that vaccination had been forbidden and abandoned in England. The most ridiculous and absurd reports were published. A lady complained that, since her daughter was vaccinated, "she coughs like a cow, and has grown hairy all over her body;" and in one part of the country the practice was discontinued, because those who "had been inoculated in that manner bellowed like bulls." A Mr. Gooch of Suffolk had, with his wife, vaccinated 611 patients, of which he observes—"In spite of all ignorant prejudice, and wilful misrepresentations, this wonderful discovery is

spreading far and wide in this county. The first people we inoculated in Hadleigh were absolutely pelted, and driven into their houses if they appeared out."

The same arguments that had been used nearly a century earlier against small-pox inoculation, were directed against vaccination; while, in Switzerland, pastors were recommending it from their pulpits, the most uncompromising hostility was shown in other places. Ehrmann of Frankfort undertook to prove from Scripture, and the writings of the fathers, that "vaccine was nothing less than Antichrist." Sermons, abounding in invective, were preached against it. The leading physician of Philadelphia pronounced it to be "too beastly and indelicate for polished society." In later years, the celebrated Cobbett also denounced it, in his sledge-hammer style, as "beastly," and unfit for adoption.

Dr. Rowley, a physician of London, was perhaps more violent in his attacks than any other opponent; and his work is so far useful, as it gives us the sum of the arguments used against vaccination, and shows at the same time to what extreme lengths individuals may be carried by passion and prejudice. The doctor set himself up as the hero of anti-vaccination; for which he formed a society to examine all cases of failures, and of small-pox after vaccination, which he condemned as a "greasy, horse-heeled project. The sooner cow-pox infatuation is abandoned *in toto*, so much the better for society. * * The world has been viper-broth mad—tar water mad—magnetism mad—cow-pox mad. * * Cow-pox devastation—all supported by ignorance, knavery, folly, and false faith. * * Those will be considered the greatest enemies to society who longest persist in spreading the criminal and murderous evil. * * Chase from their houses all who propose vaccination. * * Glaring tyranny, to force vaccination on the poor. * * The world did not require cow-pox: the cow-pox was forced into the world. * * Earth trembled! and Heaven profusely shed tears. * * The most excellent physicians are always modest, candid, and unassuming;" whilst vaccinators are "infatuated visionists," who pursue an "irrational and destructive practice. Wild, light-headed adherents, who have distinguished themselves by ignorance." The doctor appears to have exhausted the vocabulary to find terms for the expression of his abuse, which was not unproductive of evil. It was proved that, although vaccination was performed gratuitously at the Bloomsbury dispensary, yet not a single person applied during several months of the year 1806. An able reply was published by a surgeon named Blair, who turned the doctor's weapons upon himself, in a pamphlet whose title was quoted from one of his learned opponent's fiery paragraphs: it was entitled "The Vaccination Contest; or Mild Humanity, Reason, Religion, and Truth, against fierce, unfeeling Ferocity, overbearing Insolence, mortified Pride, and Desperation."

The attacks on the invaluable discovery were, at the same time, vigorously carried on in other quarters. We should be at a loss to understand the motives of so much hostility, did we not see something of the kind in our own day, in the sneers occasionally bestowed on novel matters of science. The cause, however, triumphed. Ribaldry, scorn, and abuse have dwindled down to a mere echo, and are scarcely or never heard. The glory of a great man is ever attended by envy. The

nations of antiquity would have raised altars to Jenner's memory, or stamped his effigy on their coins—as was the case in some of the states of Greece, and was done by the citizens of Cos in honor of their countryman Hippocrates. Cuvier said, "If vaccine were the only discovery of the epoch, it would serve to render it illustrious forever."

Part of Jenner's reward was in the letters he received from all quarters of the world, filled with expressions of grateful reverence, and anticipations of the benefits of his discovery. His case was brought before parliament, and, not without opposition, the sum of 30,000*l.* was voted to him in two grants. It was proved that, had he kept vaccination a secret, he might have made 20,000*l.* a year; but he worked not for himself. The chancellor of the exchequer said of it, during the debate, that it was "the greatest, or one of the most important, discoveries to human society that was made since the creation of man."

But far greater the reward, in the consciousness that he had saved to the world millions of lives, and secured humanity from its deadliest destroyer. It is not what we undertake, but what we accomplish and confirm, that constitutes glory. Jenner died with the title of benefactor to his kind. In the words of his friend Dr. Lettsom, "His claim is that of having multiplied the human race, and happily invoked the goddess of health to arrest the arm that scatters pestilence and death over the creation." His is one of those English names with which intelligent foreigners are, as might be expected, most familiar. Often have such persons, taken to Westminster Abbey, and told that it is devoted to the names of our great men, asked for the monument of Jenner. Strange to say, while much military prowess, now of little account, is there recorded, this truly great and memorable man is without his stone, and likely long to remain so.

AMONGST French gossip, we may mention, that the Minister of Public Instruction has sent M. Alexandre, one of the Inspectors-General of the University, to Greece, to examine into the best means for facilitating the study of Modern Greek in the royal colleges of France. It is intended, too, to found an establishment at Athens, to which a certain number of pupils of the normal schools are to be sent, with a view to the same acquisition.

We find it stated, in a French scientific paper, that Siberia contains gold in such abundance, that its discovery is likely to produce a financial revolution in Europe similar to that which took place on the discovery of Peru. In the period of the last fourteen years, the produce of the gold mines in that country is said to have doubled. Eleven thousand persons are daily employed in washing the mineral; and three times the number could be so occupied if the hands could be found. Nothing but this want of laborers, adds our authority, prevents the markets of Europe from being filled with the gold of this rich deposit.—*Athenaeum*.

TO BE SOLD, (a great bargain, in consequence of the Corn Law Bill passing,) THE BRITISH LION, the proprietors having no further use for him. He would stuff well as a curiosity. His tail would be invaluable to a young member who wishes to come out in the comic line, à la Sibthorpe or D'Israeli, on account of its waggish propensities. For terms, apply at the Agricultural Protection Office, New Bond Street.—*Punch*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S MINISTRY.

ALL the world is interested in the probable change of ministry in England. The weakness, incapacity, and insincerity of the whigs has been so often demonstrated, that our only hope of good from them, is as instruments in the hands of Sir Robert Peel. Whether in office or out, this eminent English reformer will probably control, if he do not even direct, the course of public affairs. It were desirable that he should direct, with full power, the progress of the necessary changes. His vast sense, and eminent ability, amount to greatness. We copy from the Spectator of 13 June.

The Corn-bill is Sir Robert Peel's special mission; to carry that he returned to office; to that he gave precedence in the work of the session; that bill the protectionists obstructed by every expedient; and thus they delayed the Coercion-bill which stood behind. They would have had Sir Robert prove his "earnestness" by pushing forward the Irish measure, no doubt, because that would have effected their object of stopping the Corn-bill. The Corn-bill, however, is urged forward; and so they take their revenge on the other bill—and on Peel.

The revenge only seems to succeed. Peel will not be beaten. Throughout this trying struggle, but most especially in the latter stages, his command of temper has been wonderful. It is a wise self-control. It not only saves those exasperations of which one of his best colleagues is so recklessly lavish, but is a severe test of his capacity for commanding circumstances. It lays in a stock of popularity proportionate to the intensity of the present annoyance; attests his personal sacrifices, and the sincerity with which he obeys the dictates of conscience and patriotic policy; and it proves his power to conquer obstacles—even the obstacles that he might suffer from his own naturally imperious temper.

The Coercion-bill cannot pass. Why then should the minister persevere? There may be several reasons, but one is evident enough: to give it up would be to relinquish the government of Ireland, before the fulness of time for resigning the official seals. Other ministers, who have not been recently placed in a state of antagonism with Irish agitators, may abstain from urging such a measure; but Sir Robert Peel cannot abandon it now.

Nor do those who are to succeed him altogether relish the task before them of governing Ireland. They begin to anticipate reproaches, by affecting that Peel hands over the country in a worse state than he found it. Nonsense: he found sedition, and sedition is quelled. The existing social disorder is the old perpetual disease. They say that he has "no policy" for Ireland. Who has one? what policy has yet been enunciated by any? It is indeed the first time that a bill for the coercion of Ireland will have been refused by the British parliament; which is an important fact, and may prove to be the first premonitory sign of some better policy to be yet evolved. We hope so. The bill is part of the old repertoire of Irish legislation, and means very little: had it been enacted, it would have made no substantial difference in the state of the country—it is but a shadow of the past; but its omission is an innovation, and means much as the sign of a new spirit. Those, however, who refuse

coercion bills are bound to be prepared with something better for good government—a matured policy, practical and efficient measures. Pretences that Sir Robert Peel leaves Ireland in some extraordinary condition will not serve as excuse for whig inaction.

Some have accounted for Sir Robert Peel's pertinacity by the presumption that he "chooses the Coercion-bill as the measure upon which to go out of office." We cannot see a shadow of probability in such a conjecture—not a motive for such a "choice" on the part of Peel, but many against it. It would be palpably impolitic for him to retire with even the appearance of attempting a measure hostile to Ireland. His Coercion-bill was only part, and we think the bad part, of a scheme for the improvement of that country; and it is the part to which he would be the least desirous of giving disproportionate prominence. Others reproach him with imitating the whigs in consenting to retain office on sufferance. All these persons forget his explicit declaration, that he would remain in office until the fate of the Corn-bill should be settled, and that being placed in a minority on another measure should not make him abandon his main enterprise. It is nearly achieved. Respecting his intentions we know nothing; but our belief is, that when his peculiar mission is accomplished he will lay down the power which he retains solely for the accomplishment of that mission; and will then leave the government of Ireland, with the rest, to that better management which the whigs seem to think they can extemporize.

PEEL OUT OF OFFICE.

TRIUMPHANT revenge for the country party! still more triumph for the place-hunters expectant, and all the enemies whatsoever of Robert Peel! The Corn Bill is safe—even the venerable John Gladstone declares it to be virtually carried—but its author is sacrificed. The corn-laws are abolished, but so is Peel. No doubt, some of the more politic Tories look beyond, and, not withdrawing all their trust in the ablest man on their side of the house, hope better things of him in opposition than in office: they think that he will return to the old position which he sustained in the decade ending with 1841, controlling the whigs—when he revised all that they did, exercised a veto, frustrated so many of their projects, and allowed a minimum to be done upon sufferance. In that way a "Reform Ministry" was converted into a great obstruction to reform; and the Tories would gladly see a return of that day. Liberals used to prescribe continued endurance of the whigs to keep out the Tories: the Tories have learned that the whigs may serve the purpose of keeping out Peel; while they expect that Peel, out of office, will revert to his old policy of nullifying whig measures.

"Don't you wish you may get it?" The phrase is not classical, but the question is apt. If you are squeamish you may take it in the poetic form—"The wish was father to the thought." The speculators make a grievous omission; they forget what has happened since Sir Robert Peel was last in opposition.

Once in office, the whigs can only hold it on the tenure of reform—they must be a reforming ministry. They can only exist on the strength of outdoing the minister who has outdone them. Many things which were not expected of the neophyte will be demanded of the professing veterans,

as arrears long over due. They, therefore, cannot repeat the old passive policy of mere occupancy for fear of worse.

Nor can Sir Robert Peel take up his old ground. It was, perhaps, a sense of this which made him hint, two or three months back, that in going out of office he should not necessarily go into "opposition." His position as a statesman is quite altered. Before, he was the ablest man of a party—the party resisting that advancement which the whigs professed to desire. It was the administrative and legislative incapacity of the whigs which provoked his chief hostility: to the principles of their policy he at more than one remarkable juncture signified his adhesion. But he was the principal antagonist of the whigs, and out of all measure the ablest; as such, their enemies chose him for leader. In office, with matured intellect and experience, he has seen the necessity of carrying out in deeds that policy which before lurked in parenthetical admissions; and he has passed the severest commentary on his predecessors by doing more in their policy than they did themselves. From being the leader of a clique he has become the leader of a nation. He has undertaken the function of representing the national mind; and thus reflecting the popular disposition, he is as popular as the looking-glass. Were there a national poll for the office of prime minister, the man returned would be Robert Peel. There must be something rotten in the thing called Party which can force from office the very man whom the country would choose, at the very height of his popularity and power. But though ejected from office, he will not be ejected from power. His own abilities are as great as ever. His inherent strength was never so free, never so perfectly at his own command; since he is quite emancipated from party trammels. In that respect his position is without precedent. His alliances are broken; he takes up new ground, without obligations, without restraints, except the necessities involved in his newly-acquired popularity.

He goes out of office attended by his chosen band of conservatives, properly so called—the picked men of the party which he formed, which has been dissolved, and which has now deposited its essential element around the nucleus that he furnishes in his own person. Those men are not mere servile followers, swearing by Peel as an idol: they are, like himself, men brought up among tories, who have undergone the same process of deliberate conversion that has altered him: they are so many lesser Peels—a class of whom he is the type, and therefore the leader. These men include among their number the most able, intelligent, and influential of those who now sit on the right hand of the speaker: nor are their mere numbers contemptible.

There is sometimes a talk of "an appeal to the people." By what channel! how do you reach "the people" in order to make the appeal! Not through the constituencies, surely; for they represent the people imperfectly. But even that limited appeal, and even too if made by the whigs, would not seem likely to alter the classification of parties very materially. There would now be three parties joining issue in the appeal—the whigs, the tories, and the proper conservatives; the two latter being separated into distinct parties by the tory desertion of Peel. The election might perhaps somewhat increase the numbers of the whigs, being in office. Spite against Peel would oust some few of his adherents in favor of tories. But on the whole, toryism is manifestly declining; it

is growing old-fashioned; and—most fatal characteristic of all!—unsuccessful. It is unlikely that the tories should gain at the next general election, or even hold their ground. On the contrary, we incline to think that in many places, liberals and Peel-conservatives will coalesce to return their respective candidates in pairs; a kind of vote-splitting which will, for the first time, not neutralize but strengthen the representation of many places for all questions of present importance. So far, then, as Sir Robert Peel's section of the house is concerned, the next election, however brought about, is likely to augment his strength.

Under these totally new circumstances, his policy out of office must be totally new. He will again perhaps exercise a controlling power over the whigs in office; but a control in the sense of compelling them to advance real measures, not shams "for rejection," and of making those measures practical—good—real steps forward. And that he will be well able to do. He will in all likelihood be the leader of a party sufficiently numerous and influential to hold the balance between whigs and tories; sufficiently tried in practical reforms to assay those put forth by the whigs; and sufficiently in earnest, should the whigs falter, to take the work out of their hands.

DISTINGUISHED PUFFERS.—People are very naturally surprised at the zeal and amiability manifested by several nobles of the land in coming forward to testify to the merits of quacks, chemists, and corn-cutters. Old Warren, of blacking celebrity, used to avow that he kept a poet. George Robins is believed to have for some time retained the services of a novelist, who, by his magic descriptions, turned patches of grass into paddocks. But in the present day it would seem that puffing has become more ambitious; and no advertising establishment can be considered complete without a nobleman. As to the corn-cutters, they have on their side so many members of the peerage, that they could carry the corn question of themselves, while the proprietor of some pill or ointment has got so completely into the good graces of the Earl of Aldborough, that his lordship seems to pass his time in taking pills, and writing puffs about them for the newspapers.

As the aristocracy have latterly devoted themselves a good deal to this branch of utility, we think an advertisement like the following would be productive of much good to the proprietors of quack medicines:—

WANTED, by the proprietor of a new pill, an earl who is willing to be cured of every disease, and to notify the fact of his restoration to health in the public newspapers. A gouty marquis will be liberally treated with; and dukes with corns or bunions may enter into an arrangement, either by the week, month, or season. There is a vacancy for a consumptive countess; or any lady of title having three or four daughters who are willing to take pulmonic wafers, and sign testimonials, may hear of a desirable offer. Persons signing the testimonials without taking the wafers, will be allowed the price of the latter in soap, or any other fancy article of perfumery.

N. B.—No Irish earl need apply, as no person of this description will on any account be treated with. A few barristers wanted for the new voice lozenges, and an engagement is open to any magistrate who is willing to recommend the portable luncheon in his official capacity.—*Punch*.

ALGERIA.

[Mr. Walsh's Letter to the National Intelligencer.]

PARIS, June 12, 1846.

As Ireland is "the great difficulty" of the British government, the enterprise in Africa is that of the French, and of all the French political parties. But Hibernia is an integral portion of the British home empire; cannot be abandoned; may not be conquered; will not quail or crouch. The difficulty must prove in the end less manageable, more dangerous, for England, than the case of Algeria for France. Of the latter, let me write in some detail. It has deeply occupied and sorely puzzled the chambers since the beginning of the month. The legitimists cry for perseverance, because the reduction of Algiers was affected under the Bourbons; the radicals, relishing war and conquest wheresoever, do the same; the other divisions of the opposition would not—with the exception of a few bold, frank, and independent members—absolutely recoil, but they entertain a variety and contrariety of plans of occupation, warfare, and internal administration of affairs; the king has his family field and his personal policy in Algeria; the cabinet subscribe to his feelings and views; and, besides, the French stake in that region has become so considerable that it seems necessary or inevitable to play the game out desperately on the broadest scale. No one can define Algeria; not yet conquest—not colony—not an organized community; the government is supposed to wish for a viceroyalty; on the other hand, it is said, "there must not be a viceroyalty; only a second France, organized, governed, administered like the first, our own." In the chamber of peers, on the 3d instant, the massacre of the three hundred French prisoners (not yet ascertained) was the subject of a call on the minister of foreign affairs. It had transpired that Abd-el-Kader had offered to negotiate for an exchange, there being a multitude of Arab prisoners in France. Mr. Guizot answered:

"If the government did not accept these overtures it was because they concealed a snare, as the Emir wanted to have proposals made to him by France for the purpose of having the advantage of rejecting them. Such had been the firm conviction of Marshal Bugeaud, and such was the recommendation he had transmitted to government. 'This is not serious,' said he, 'the intention is to deceive the Arab tribes.' The government would have been altogether unreasonable to desire to impose its wishes on M. Bugeaud, and all the principal officers, on the spot. But the noble peer was quite wrong in supposing that therefore nothing was done. The government did in fact employ all the means in its power to come to their aid. An attempt was made to surprise the deira, but it failed; and a negotiation was opened with the Emperor of Morocco on the subject. The government said to him, 'French prisoners are in your territory; this cannot be permitted; get them given back to us.' Once before prisoners had been restored in that way. The negotiations were going on actively of late, and other means of a secret character were employed."

The deira is the head-quarters—the personal camp—of the Emir. The camp conceived alarm when it learned that the emperor might act against it; it resolved, from necessity, to break up and disperse; and Mr. Guizot, without adverting to French precedents, added:

"It was at the moment of this critical resolution that the deplorable catastrophe took place. The deira did not feel itself strong enough to guard the prisoners, and was unwilling to set them at liberty; it therefore put them to death."

Count Pelet de la Lozere, a moderate, sensible peer, severely blamed the government for refusing to pursue a negotiation with Abd-el-Kader. Mr. Guizot contended that there was "as much generosity and humanity practised by Marshal Bugeaud and the army as was compatible with the nature of the war and its objects." He continued thus: "Marshal Bugeaud says what he thinks with a truly military roughness—*avec une rudesse vraiment militaire*; but he is always patriotic, humane, equitable, generous; he has rendered great services by his perseverance, skill, and courage; I acknowledge again that he sometimes expresses his sentiments and the core of his ideas rather crudely, blurringly." This eulogium resembled that which Mr. Guizot pronounced in the other chamber on Narvaez, the Spanish hero of the sabre. Some peers intimated that Bugeaud's bulletins and razzias seemed to be forgotten; and they went back to the excesses of the French troops in Spain as one of the causes of the miscarriage of Napoleon's invasion.

In the chamber of deputies, yesterday afternoon, the minister was summoned anew to explain why he had not entertained the Emir's proposition for an exchange: he gave an explanation of identical purport: "he believed that Marshal Bugeaud was convinced of the inutility of listening to the overtures, and he, Mr. Guizot, implicitly adopted that opinion." This adoption he proclaimed, because he had been charged with the design of casting the blame of the catastrophe on Bugeaud. The organ of Mr. Thiers repeats the accusation of perfidy to the marshal. But it is not easy to admit that either believed the Arab overture a feint—a scheme merely to impress the tribes with the notion that their chief was treating on equal terms with the French Sultan. It was natural, every way politic, for Abd-el-Kader to wish to release some hundreds of his old followers, by ridding himself of the French soldiers, whom he foresaw it would be impossible for him to guard—whom he had little interest to destroy. The conclusion of an exchange would have been the best manifestation, for the Arabs, of that equality, the appearance of which, according to the French, he mainly sought. It is plausibly suggested that the marshal himself was not sincere with the cabinet; that he either expected the deliverance of the prisoners, without equivalent, on the dispersion of the deira, or was willing to risk the massacre, because it might excite a spirit in France auspicious for his ideas and habits in regard to unlimited havoc and conquest. The *National*, on the 3d instant, says: "In our soul and conscience, we pronounce the ministers guilty of the massacre of the prisoners." This language belongs to party-violence; but the ministers must regret that they deferred to the marshal.

Some of the Paris journals have not hesitated to inquire whether there be not extenuation or, indeed, warrant, for the assumed orders of Abd-el-Kader, in the French razzias and butcheries; and they have even translated the articles in the affirmative of several of the London organs. The following paragraph of the *Chronicle* is of the number:

"We do not wish to be considered as for one moment justifying or even palliating the conduct of

Abd-el-Kader; but it may well be asked if the French themselves are not in some measure to blame? Were they not the first to begin a war of extermination? Does Abd-el-Kader do anything now but follow the example which he received from his Christian conquerors? It is impossible not to recur on such an occasion to the dreadful tragedy acted in the same country last year. The conduct of Colonel Pelissier, who smothered the eight hundred wretched Arabs in the caves of Dahra, was probably not more justified by necessity than that of Abd-el-Kader is now. Indeed, it is possible that a stronger case of urgent necessity could be made out in favor of the Arab chief than in that of the French colonel; for it appears Abd-el-Kader was under the necessity of breaking up his deira, and, as he could not carry his prisoners along with him, he was obliged either to destroy them or set them at liberty; whereas Colonel Pelissier, who was pressed by no immediate danger, could have forced the whole of his victims to surrender by two days' blockade. We, however, can do nothing but condemn the conduct of both parties; but, as the French government has, with the approbation of the nation, rewarded Colonel Pelissier by advancing him to the rank of general, we cannot see how they can now attach much blame to the Emir, or consider the affair as anything but the natural consequence of the system of war in which they are engaged."

A nondescript Paris paper, the *Courrier Francaise*, of no ordinary shrewdness and candor in most of its editorial columns, cited the strictures of the London Globe, which fall heavily on the French, and then said:

"It is painful to us to have to quote such a judgment, but is there not some truth in the remarks of the English journalist? Are we not guilty of having over excited, by the abominable affair of the grotto of the Dahra, the ferocious instincts of our savage adversaries? Have not we, a civilized people, given to our barbarian adversaries the example of barbarianism? We suffocated an entire tribe, composed of one thousand individuals, and, in return, three hundred of our prisoners are butchered. When will cease this odious system, which produces such reprisals? When will the chiefs of our army of Africa comprehend that their mission is to subdue the population of that country, and not to sweep it from the face of the earth? We know that these systematic butcheries are deeply repugnant to our army. It is repugnant to our soldiers to have to perform the functions of executioners. This sanguinary system is the system of one man. Are we wrong, then, in demanding his recall? Are we wrong in demanding that the command of our army in Africa shall be taken from a man who is a dishonor to our civilization? France has lost men enough and millions enough in Africa by the fault of M. Bugeaud, without risking there the loss of her reputation for generosity and humanity."

In his speech of yesterday afternoon Mr. Guizot observed: "I have seen, I think, in the newspapers somewhere, that one of our generals in Africa had asked for forces (to attack the deira) which were refused him. That is not true. We examined, I repeat, whether it were not possible to deliver the unfortunate prisoners by force." The *Courrier* this morning mentions that Mr. Guizot saw the statement in its page; that General Lamoriciere had asked four hundred horse to enable him to make the attempt; this could be proved,

and that the *lie* was reported confidently on the minister. In the chamber of deputies, on the 8th instant, the question of Algeria—for which thirteen or fourteen speakers were inscribed at the desk of the secretaries—was regularly and solemnly undertaken. The minister of war opened it in an elaborate exposition, *coulour de rose*, for the present and the future, though differently tinged in the past. He argued that there could be no limitation to the enterprise of conquest; results sanctioned the system of war hitherto practised. The Emir could not now fix himself anywhere; he could only appear in some place or other, and then vanish. The tribes saw that he was a fugitive; those of the west, who had emigrated, were returning submissively. "If," continued the minister, "you intimate surprise that he still exists, I can answer that it is very easy for an intelligent, dauntless chief, who has a part of the population on his side, to elude or outstrip all pursuit for a certain period. I took part, for six years, in our war in Spain with Mina, and in a province not larger than one of our departments. Never were we able, with twenty or twenty-five thousand troops, the best of Europe, I do not say to seize and hold him, but even to overtake and fight him; and what may seem more extraordinary, he had infantry alone, and constantly moved in the plains. Ere long Abd-el-Kader will cease to be a formidable enemy; he cannot finally prevail or escape."

A new deputy, a conservative, Mr. Abraham Dubois, entered, with abundant oratorical and party preparation, into a vindication of the scheme of the most comprehensive dominion and destructive hostilities. He essayed to exculpate entirely the stifling and combustion of the Arabs in the grottoes. "When, at Austerlitz, Napoleon caused, by a storm of bullets, the ice of the lake to give way, on which twelve thousand Russians were flying after defeat, all of whom were quickly drowned, what voice, what philanthropic cry was then raised? What history has taxed the conqueror of Austerlitz with barbarity? The French column in Algeria could not leave the Arabs behind them in the grottoes; their rear would have been harassed; the sick and the laggards would have been cut off; thirty or forty of our soldiers might have perished. For my part, however respectful and sincere my sympathies with philanthropy, viewed in the highest and broadest aspect, the love of human kind, the love of the greatest number, I still say, I frankly acknowledge that the lives of thirty or forty French soldiers will always be for me more precious than that of the enemies of France, were they five hundred—were they even *Arabs*."

This strain did not seem acceptable to the Chamber, though, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Manguin, of the opposition held this language: "Gentlemen, an English sailor, when mutilated by Spanish cruisers, exclaimed, 'I leave my soul to God, and my revenge to my country.' No time was lost for vengeance: war followed—a war profoundly politic and judicious, if you look to its remote results. Well, in our case, here, it is not one soul—one revenge—we have to deal with; three hundred souls have been bequeathed to God—three hundred revenges are bequeathed to the country." The memory of the ears of Captain Jenkins had no better effect on the Chamber. Mr. Abraham Dubois was rebuked by his successor in the tribune; the latter cited as an instance of kindred obduracy the language of a recent disserta-

tion or inquiry. "By what signs do we discover that a particular race is doomed to destruction by a decree of Providence?" The author's theory is, that there is a constant substitution of races, with constant improvement. All the inferior were disappearing before the superior; the Mexicans, Caribs, Red Skins; so the Arabs and Moors, like the American Indians, had their sentence of gradual supplantation and extinction; *this was the true harmony and progress of the rational creation.* Real philanthropy would teach the extermination of savage or irreclaimable races; the stagnant waters must be drawn off the marsh, to introduce the living and the productive.

Mr. de Tocqueville followed with a comprehensive and able discourse in favor of colonization and civil government, and against the Bugeaud dictatorship and devastation. This strikes me as, on the whole, his best parliamentary effort. It seems the most poignant, practical, and complete; abounding in material facts and cogent in all forms of reasoning. He especially exposed the arbitrary and anarchical character of the domestic government of the entire territory, the ignorance of the home administration respecting the real transactions there, and the constant discordance between the Algerian authorities and functionaries, civil and military, and the cabinet and the department of war in Paris. During the five years Marshal Bugeaud had passed in Algeria, he spent only two in the capital, Algiers: in his absence, confusion, speculation, oppression reigned without obstacle or stint. The marshal wanted no civil administration, no merely civil settlements; he acted according to his own views, indifferent to those of the ministry or chambers. It was computed that the European colonists were a hundred thousand. In fact, there was no *agricultural* population. Of the few villages erected, half the inhabitants were dead, the other half in extreme wretchedness. About the one hundred thousand soldiers, "with their wants and passions," you found, of course, all sorts of adventurers, traffickers, and settlers. These made no settlement—proved nothing. He (Mr. de T.) felt shame for his country when he read the publications of the Swiss colonization societies, warning their people against emigration to Algeria, where they would find only misery or death. "Go rather to the wildest parts of North America, to the almost barbarous communities of the south." For the truth of these statements he could vouch from personal observation; he appealed to the like knowledge and candor of several deputies, recent observers of the same scenes. The idea of a juxtaposition of European settlers and Arab tribes under the common sway and legislation of France, was utterly chimerical; the more they became acquainted with the aborigines or natives the clearer this truth. The race was distinct from all on whom the British and the Dutch had and were acting in the east; a hundred thousand perfect troops as pioneers of European civilization—an unprecedented case—might seem a decisive advantage; but for that even, the essential indestructible traits of the Arab would prove more than a match. In France, a certain number of rich and powerful families regarded Algeria as the Bastille was viewed by the noblesse and court before the revolution; they contrived to get their intractable or dissolute young men sent to Algeria with public functions. He desired a special department or ministry for that region; there was no institution whatever, with such inherent efficacy, as to be

able to dispense with daily human exertion: without real *government*, there was nothing good; Algeria was the weightiest of French concerns; yet it was surrendered to chance. The ministerial press in Paris assailed Bugeaud and his plans; the marshal's press in Algeria retaliated on the cabinet; personal interests had on both sides supreme and constant sway. He could not help inferring that Marshal Bugeaud was kept abroad to save the ministry from the mischief he might do them at home; hence the panegyrics in the chambers, and the fanciful pictures of Algerian prosperity exhibited by the head of the war department.

M. de Givré, a master of his subject, illustrating the rapacity and improvidence of the civil administration in Algeria, related these circumstances. There existed a great number of religious (Moslem) foundations with considerable endowments of domain; the proceeds of which, by the express direction of the donors, were to be applied to works of piety or charity. The French authorities took possession and diverted the whole to their personal expenses. This was shocking enough to Arab religious sentiment. Later, all the property of the foundations—the whole of the establishments—was confiscated, and roundly, unceremoniously merged in the French public domain. The natives, whether friendly or hostile, were alike the prey of all sorts of knavery, design, and spoliation, in which the public functionaries and agents shared. A mighty *African Company* was organized in Paris, and expected to contract for Algeria, by means of influence in the chambers and ministerial bureaus. It was a scheme of jobbing and rapine. Mr. de Givré deemed the main question entirely maritime and Mediterranean; he rejoiced in the enlargement and defences of the port of Algiers; in the event of a war with Great Britain he would not fear for the African coast; steam and the multiplication of secondary foreign navies in the Mediterranean would place France in equal circumstances. "If England should go to Algiers, why, we can go to London; there is now a bridge between Calais and Dover; we can command two hundred and fifty leagues of African coast. The British maintain their consul-general at Algiers, and without your *exequatur*; he is a diplomatic as well as a commercial functionary; you are not recognized; in the British official almanacs the old denomination of the *Barbary Powers* is retained. Algeria is not designated under the head 'France,' as are the dependencies of all the other powers under that of each. We understand, and we must be prepared. Algeria is our only field: Asia is divided between England and Russia; America shuts us out; you may protest, but you cannot prevail; conquest in Europe is out of the question. Providence has allotted to us Africa on the Mediterranean."

One of the manliest and strongest addresses I have in memory is that of M. de Tracy, son of the celebrated political metaphysician. He laid bare, in all its deformity and hopelessness, the Algerian enterprise. He had been connected, from the outset, with the question in the chamber and the committees. After him, and Lamartine, the next day, every Frenchman might have exclaimed, "Now we have only to examine how we can extricate ourselves from this awful scrape." M. de Tracy would not admit the sort of fatality which some pleaded—as the British do for the extension of their empire in India—that necessitated acquiescence in the constantly progressive sacrifices

in Algeria. Napoleon paraded destiny, and, therefore, certitude of success in his decrees of conquest; he would plant his eagles on the rock of Cadiz and the towers of Lisbon: three years afterwards the peninsula was evacuated by the French. *Perseverance* was the text and the argument of the government and the zealots in the affair of Algeria. At first Gen. Clausel pledged himself to subject the whole regency and maintain peace with *twelve* thousand men; two years afterwards Gen. Bugeaud would be satisfied with *forty* thousand. In 1841, when the effective force in Algeria was notoriously seventy thousand, only thirty-eight thousand was the *cipher* of the budget, he (M. de Tracy) remonstrated, and observed: "Do not be frightened at the truth: ere long you will reach a hundred thousand." The next day the journals denounced him as a visionary alarmist. At the present time the force exceeded his prediction, not including the ten thousand native combatants in French pay. He would predict equally a war with Morocco. That would be an inevitable incident of the neighborhood, and the Mahometan sympathies and common interests. The treaty of Tangiers was gladly concluded, because to invade Morocco would have required another hundred thousand men. The French grotto atrocity was cited by the Druses when they butchered the Maronites: wheresoever, in the world, the Moslems were free to act, they would endeavor to avenge that affair. "I must (he exclaimed) protest, with all my soul and breath, against the odious theories by which it has been attempted, in this tribune, to justify the Dahra executions by fire and smoke. In my early youth I embraced the military career: I followed it with gladness and pride; I quitted it with regret; but I would not have remained in it a single day, a single instant, if any one had proved to me that it imposed *duties* as horrible as those acts."

A number of voices in the chamber cheered this thrilling passage. Algeria, he proceeded, was the modern *Minotaur* that devoured, every year, the finest part of the French youth and the most precious part of French treasures. He maintained that, for fifteen years, there had not been a cabinet of which the majority did not think as he did in the whole matter. *Fear* was the cause of the persistency; the ministry feared *above*, and feared the chambers; the chambers, the electoral colleges, and so on. Finally the press frightened ministers, chambers, and voters. Mr. Ferdinand Barrot, who lately obtained a large grant in Algeria, then argued that the conquest was one of civilization over barbarism. That several hundred square leagues were secure; that the Arabs were manageable; that both civil and military colonies could be made to prosper, though he must confess that the settlements he inspected were in a dismal plight. Bodies of emigrants had repaired to the region with formal grants of land from the department of war; when arrived no one would tell them the location, or what to do. A letter to him said: "We are here, in Algeria, now six months; about a hundred families in all: the authorities cannot or will not give us possession of the grants. Most of us are perishing in hovels and hospitals."

M. Desjobert, an old, unwearied, unflinching enemy to all Algerian plans and illusions, reopened the debate, on the 10th instant, with what Lamartine called his implacable figures. "The government (he began) never has told the truth about Africa—never. M. Thiers deceived us like his predecessors and successors. Algeria has devoured

at least one hundred thousand of our soldiers; twenty thousand youth are annually wrested for it from their families, of whom six thousand die on an average. The minister of finance confessed lately, here, that the war has cost, besides, more than a thousand millions of francs. Of your one hundred thousand of Europeans not seven thousand cultivate the soil, and about two thirds of these merely raise vegetables and fruit near the gates of the towns. All the European population, army included, subsists by imports from the continent. The importation of grain has constantly and greatly increased. To raise wheat and cattle is impossible in competition with the prices of what is brought from the Black Sea, and Spain and Italy. You depend entirely on foreign supplies and the cattle of the Arabs, which you now obtain chiefly by pillage. Two generals, who have served many years in Algeria, have issued pamphlets, in which they admit or proclaim that, in the event of a maritime war, you must renounce your whole game—your sacrifices will have been all in vain. I do not hesitate to term your enterprise *barbarous*; it can succeed by *extermination* alone; and it is baleful for France, whose armies it decimates, whose treasury it ruins, whose external might and influence it paralyzes."

This is but a meagre abstract of Desjobert's array of figures and considerations. I must pass to the oration of Lamartine—nearly three hours in the delivery—and a masterpiece of rhetoric, reasoning, and manly frankness. "You may extort a bill of indemnity, a bill of silence you shall not have for your abominations and fallacies—never." The first orators of England, the Burkes, Foxes, and Sheridans, branded the crimes, extortions, and ravages of the Clives and the Hastings; her Indian empire became the larger and safer. The world, or Europe at least, is in a *crisis*; France must be ready to meet any one of or all the four great powers; Europe distrusts France and remembers bitterly the excesses of the Revolution and the Empire; there is now a latent coalition against you more formidable than that of Pilitz; if you did not think so why your ramparts and fortresses about your capital? If you have faith in peace, then you contradict and combat, with them, the Revolution of July. Do not understand me as wishing war; France has shed enough of blood; has reaped enough of blood-stained laurels; let us not revert to the Imperial era; notwithstanding the glory won by Napoleon for the nation, would that we could extirpate his memory from the too war-loving hearts of my countrymen! You harp on chance and fatality and Providence keeping the *incognito* for you; you would commit yourselves to mystic auguries and popular instincts; Providence means, on the contrary, that enlightened and reflecting minds—the wisdom of true statesmen and the circumspection of true patriots, should correct and overrule vulgar illusions and blind propensities. Charles X. and his councils never designed more than the extinction of Algerine piracy and the establishment of French influence and naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. The first general who set his foot in Algeria issued a proclamation to the Arabs, in which he assured them that the French came, not to occupy their soil, to drive them away; not to conquer them; but to deliver them from their Turkish tyrants and protect and defend them. Marshal Valle was too moderate in his views of warfare and conquest; too much of a founder and

a statesman; he was recalled to afford scope to the aspirations and energies of a Bugeaud, and the consequence was an accumulation of difficulties and impossibilities baffling all the heads and withering all the hearts of the chambers. The Arabs were *impermeable* to European civilization; they could never be seated by the side of European communities in one body, politic and social; the *fusion of the races*—a fine phrase—happened to be beyond human ability; he knew the Arabs well: he could understand the reply of a Sheik, to whom the *fusion* was propounded: "There is a *race* between us; if you were to put your head and mine in the same boiling pot, they would separate from one another." When Bugeaud won the victory of Isly, what did he conquer! The Moorish sands on which he fought. The mortality of the French troops was not chiefly by arms; but by fatigue, fever, climate, pestilence; it was a war of *luxury*, speculation, prospect; therefore the less prodigal should they be of their thousands of lives and their *billions* of francs, for so had the computation ripened, so would it expand, to judge from the past. The more the Arabs were instructed, sharpened, advanced, by their contact or collision with the Christians, the stronger their will and capacity to resist and expel the intruders. The Christian missionaries had never converted *Islamism*; the Turks, with fifteen thousand troops, could keep the Arabs in a sort of subjection; all estimates of number might be defied in the French attempt. In instructions given in 1837 by the commission of the French government to generals going to investigate the African question on the spot, you mark this paragraph: "As to the extermination of the natives—as to the complete driving back (*refoulement*) of the population, you will have to examine whether this mode of *pacification* may be at any time practicable." Lamartine proceeded to demonstrate by official and other authentic reports that this was the system preferred and unlimitedly pursued. His quotations begot the liveliest agitation and wincing impatience throughout the chamber. *Pudet, &c.* He was not to be stopped. "You shall hear much, and you shall shudder. I will brave all your denials, your murmurs, your inattention, real or feigned. You shall know what are your *razzias*, what rapine, ravage, and massacre you threatened in proclamations, and how you fulfilled your threats." The details are in the superlative of ferocity and destruction. They lost nothing in the recitation and commentary of the indignant poet. What if we had the particulars of devastation and homicide, the scenes of woe and horror—those which are not *bulletined*—from the natives themselves! The chamber betrayed emotions of disgust and shame; the orator asked an interval of repose. In a quarter of an hour, he entered the tribune again, to denounce and explode all the plans and devices of colonization, and to show how impotent such a style and scale of war in Africa rendered France in regard to hostile or rival Europe. He was afraid—nay he believed—that it was thus carried on to disable and avert France from any conflict in Europe. He reasoned against the idea of a viceroyalty, which he described as insensate for a country so near to their own kingdom. He ascribed the refusal to accept the crown and incorporation of Belgium; the recreant proceedings of the government in 1840; the humbling recall of the French fleet from the Levant; the submission to Lord Palmerston's treaty of July 15, which was a grand defiance of French power, nationality, and

dignity; the famous note of 8th October; all the self-denial and submission to the stake in Algeria; or rather this immense risk, afford the government a pretext for whatever genuflexion. Mr. Guizot claimed the privilege of reply. The opposition journals were angry with Lamartine for his opinions and disclosures; the ministerial naturally sided with Mr. Guizot. The former admired some passages and sallies of Lamartine's speech; they would allow no weight or general excellence to the whole. All logic, sense, and success was discovered in Mr. Guizot's survey of the subject by his votaries. It strikes me that the minister was feeble and empirical. He stated that he could cite from the history of the wars on natives in India and America, anecdotes, mishaps, and cruelties akin to those which Mr. Lamartine had culled from the French documents. The general cast of the war in Algeria was one of moderation, humanity, self-restraint! To be sure, there might be some energy of defence—some roughness in dealing with a people who massacred French prisoners in their hands; more violent means were necessary in contending with semi-barbarous foes than in civilized warfare. The case of Algeria had become this: If you now abandon that region, it is not the Turks or Arabs who would regain it; some other European power must have dominion. That consideration was quite sufficient to decide him; Algeria must be kept, ruled, and turned to account. Marshal Valée was, indeed, an honorable and capable commander; but it seemed to the government in 1840, as the condition of the enterprise then loomed, that Marshal Bugeaud suited it better. The latter had proved a little restive and refractory; so was Marshal Turenne with Louis XIV. The essential object was to achieve a complete effective domination in Algeria. Assimilation and fusion of races was in sooth a philanthropic dream; but the Arabs might be brought to the relation and state in which the Hindoos are to the British in India and the natives of Java to the Dutch. [A voice from the floor: Neither British nor Dutch *colonize*, as you pretend to do.] The Arabs, the native tribes, were better disposed to French connection and law than the preceding speakers imagined; he could cite a number of powerful tribes who lived in amity, who fought in alliance with the French; immense progress was visible; very probably there would be more insurrections, more struggles, more efforts; still the accomplishment of all ends was certain and near. Other nations had their difficulties in similar enterprises: see the instance of New Zealand for England. It was intended to found a great *civil* society in Algeria with a *civil* government; when, precisely, could not be affirmed. European colonization was held all-important—the necessary final guaranty of possession; as for the measures, the modes, the questions of annexation, special ministry, modifications of administrative and belligerent systems, the period for their solution had not arrived; the present course of things could not be immediately altered; the government required time, and awaited opportunity.

You have now the substance of the ministerial defence and policy. Nothing was gained in the way of reform or comfort by the many able harangues. The debate reflects credit on the chamber; and, as Algeria is indeed the supreme present concern and perplexing problem for France, I have ventured to bring more of it in my own language, within the compass of a letter, than you or your readers will readily accept or pardon.

VARIETY.

From the Athenæum.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

May 23.—M. Velpeau presented to the Academy a boy who has a third, but deformed, leg at the posterior part of the other legs, which are perfectly formed. It appears that the boy has been to London; where the surgeons were divided in opinion as to the possibility of amputating it without danger. Some of them considered this to be quite practicable; others that the operation would be followed by almost instant death. M. Serres mentioned in this sitting a similar case, in which the superfluous mass was removed with perfect safety. —A communication was received from M. Roque, on a project of manufacturing paper from the fibres of the banana tree. It appears that experiments have been made under the eyes of a committee appointed by the minister of commerce, and that some very white and good paper was produced. It is proposed by M. Roque to carry on this operation in Algeria, not merely as regards the banana tree, but also the Alives and other textile plants; and it is said that a large grant of land has been made to him in the colony for that purpose.

June 4.—Several astronomical and mathematical papers were read—the most remarkable by M. Leverrier. The object of it is to prove that there exists in our solar system a large planet, which nobody yet has seen, but the orbit of which M. Leverrier has calculated, and which, he says, may be seen on the 1st of January next year. He states that he was led to his discovery by the observations collected since 1690 on the course of Uranus. The insurmountable difficulty experienced by geometers, says M. Leverrier, in representing the real course of Uranus by analytical formulæ might arise from various causes. Either the theory was not sufficiently precise, and they had neglected in their calculations some of the influence due to the perturbatory action of the neighboring planets, Jupiter and Saturn; or the theory had not been compared with the observations with sufficient correctness in the construction of the tables of the planet; or, finally, some unknown cause, acting upon Uranus, added other influences to those which result from the action of the sun, of Jupiter, and of Saturn. To get out of this alternative, it was necessary to resume the whole theory of Uranus—recalculate, discuss the observations, and compare them with each other; and this hard task he undertook. The result is, the positive conclusion, that the irregularity of the movement of Uranus is to be attributed to a special cause, independent of all analytical error, and deduced from the constitution of the planetary system itself. The fact of the existence of this cause being established, it was necessary to determine its nature—and, therefore, a new career opened upon M. Leverrier. Was it admissible, as some astronomers had proposed, to modify the law of gravity for the distant regions in which Uranus moves; or did it suffice to assume the resistance of the ether or the influence of an obscure satellite moving round Uranus, or the accidental shock of a comet? Or was he to admit of a still unknown planet whose existence was shown by the anomalous movement of Uranus? M. Leverrier adopted the latter hypothesis; and, proceeding upon that basis, has come to a conclusion, from all his calculations and observations, that no other is possible. This planet, he says, is situated beyond Uranus, at a distance double that

which separates Uranus from the sun, and in a slightly inclined orbit.—A paper by M. Dumas, on the component parts of blood, was read. It is known that blood contains fibrine, albumen, and globulous matter. The analysis of the two former parts is exceedingly simple; but hitherto that of the globules has been difficult, for they consist of living matter. It was necessary to keep them in a state of life. This M. Dumas does by agitating the liquid, giving it air, and keeping up the natural temperature of the person from whom the blood is drawn.

I WAS not a little surprised, on reading your excellent journal of last week, to find, near the conclusion of the article "Foreign Correspondence," "a question adverted to which" your correspondent "had heard agitated to-day"—that the origin of the disease Pellagra, which is well known to prevail in Lombardy, is attributed to the general consumption of polenta, or Indian corn. He says, "certain it is that the disease exists in no other part of Italy; and that in no other part of Italy is polenta the staff of life." Now, it is very well known that, in Modena and other parts of northern Italy, Indian corn is very much used as food; and, even at Rome, I have often seen and partaken of a very good Modenese dish, called *tere polenta*, and never heard that pellagra was rife in that city, or in any other part of Italy, except in the Milanese—the plains of which lie low, and are very swampy at some seasons; and from that and other causes, abound in *malaria*, ("*l'aria cattiva*,") which is much more likely to produce a cachectic habit of body and cutaneous and other diseases of debility, than the use of a wholesome, nutritious article of diet, abounding as much in farinaceous matter (azote) as most of the other cerealia. To ascribe the disease to such a cause appears as rational as the vulgar notion that the use of rice produces blindness in Hindostan and other countries, where it forms almost exclusively the diet of the whole population—or that the great consumption of oatmeal in the Highlands of Scotland occasions *scabies*? In the United States of America, maize, or Indian corn, is, as is well known, consumed in great quantity—as well the new grain roasted, and eaten with fresh butter, as the flour in a great variety of preparations:—and, who ever heard of pellagra, or any similar disease, being ever suspected to be produced in those extensive regions? For the French Academy of Sciences or of Medicine to send a commissioner into Italy to investigate whether the disease pellagra is produced by eating Indian corn, would appear to be as rational and useful as to send one to India or Scotland to examine if blindness is produced by eating rice, or the itch by the use of oatmeal. The French savants are fond of such commissions—"Mons parturit, nascitur ridiculus mus!" It would sometimes be well to recollect the good old Latin maxim, "*Post hoc, non semper propter hoc*"—and to apply it in such instances.

MEDICUS.

In the *Annuaire* for the present year, presented to the King of the French by the Bureau of Longitudes, M. Arago takes occasion, once for all, to dispose of those weather-predictions which annually make the circuit of Europe falsely stamped with his authority. "Engaged," he says, "both by taste and by duty, in meteorological studies, I have frequently been led to consider whether it will ever be possible, by means of astronomical cal-

culations, to determine, a year in advance, what, in any given place, will be the annual temperature, that of each month, the quantity of rain, or the prevailing winds. I have already presented to the readers of the *Annuaire* the results of the inquiries of the natural philosophers and astronomers concerning the influence of the moon and comets on the changes of the weather. These results demonstrate peremptorily that the lunar and cometary influences are scarcely sensible; and therefore that weather-prophecy can never be a branch of *astronomy properly so called*. For, in fact, our satellite and the comets have been at all times considered in meteorology as the preponderating stars.—Since those former publications, I have examined the subject in another point of view. I have been inquiring if the labors of men, and events which must always escape our prevision, may not have the effect of accidentally and very sensibly modifying climate—as regards temperature in particular. Already, I see that facts will yield me an affirmative answer. I should greatly have preferred to delay the announcement of that result until after the completion of my work; but let me candidly avow that I have sought to make an occasion for protesting aloud against those predictions which are yearly laid in my name at home and abroad. No word has ever issued from my mouth, either in the intimacy of private communication or in my courses delivered during thirty years—no line has ever been published with my assent—which could authorize the attribution to me of any opinion that it is possible, in the present state of our knowledge, to foretell with certainty what the weather will be, a year, a month, a week—nay, I will say, a single day, in advance. I trust only that the annoyance which I have experienced at seeing a host of ridiculous predictions published in my name, may not have led me, by a sort of reaction, to give exaggerated importance to the causes of disturbance which I have enumerated. At present, I feel entitled to deduce from the sum of my investigations this capital consequence:—*Never—whatever may be the progress of the sciences—will the savant, who is conscientious and careful of his reputation, speculate on a prediction of the weather.*”

WE find the following curious details in the *Moniteur des Arts*:—“There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken *torsi*—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a color of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighborhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystification; and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the *General Artificial Ruin Association*, and know well where to apply the pick-axe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and labor in fruitless search, before they come finally upon the treasure—for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of six months’ age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonines—filed, pinched and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by com-

parison with London, escaped this epidemic for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of middle-age antiques. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs, tables and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquarian showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. ‘It is very fine,’ said his friend, after examination, ‘and it will last you long—for it is quite new.’

THE CENSORSHIP.—“There appeared recently a work on Austrian finance—written by one well instructed in the matter, and whom the government shrewdly suspected to reside in Prague. As the revelations were very offensive, the government ordered Herr Muhdt, the head of the police at Prague, to discover, if possible, the author. All search was vain. He then received instructions to set out himself for Hamburg—where the work was published—and endeavor to wheedle the secret from Campe, the publisher. Muhdt set off; but some one had been before him, and had warned Campe of his purpose. Campe, who is a very knowing fellow, played his part to perfection; suffered himself to be cajoled, and at last invited Muhdt to tea—half promising to tell him the author’s name, under a condition of secrecy. At tea, Muhdt was very pressing; and Campe, at length, begging him to make no use of his knowledge, confidentially whispered, ‘The author is Herr Muhdt, the head of the police in Prague.’ Conceive the start and the changing color of Herr Muhdt! Alarmed lest, perhaps, the author of the work might have maliciously taken his name—for he had no suspicions of Campe—he earnestly declared himself to be the head of the police. Campe affected astonishment. Muhdt then asked him if he had many copies of the work on hand; and on being told there were still two hundred and fifty, he bought them all. The next day, Campe called at his hotel, to ask him whether he would like any more copies of the work.—‘More!’ exclaimed the astonished Muhdt, ‘more! why I thought you told me I had got them all!’ ‘Sehr richtig!’ replied Campe, ‘all of the first edition; but a second is in the press—of which I can let you have as many copies as you please.’—*For. Quar. Rev.*

MINERAL WEALTH OF SOUTH AFRICA.—The mineral wealth of this vast region is yet to be discovered. Indications of metallic ores are known to abound. Iron is everywhere abundant. Manganese is a common article. Copper of the richest description is to be found at a short distance beyond the Orange River; and there is little doubt that, if scientific persons were sent out, resources of a most important kind would be found in this great field of investigation. Lead of a superior kind has long been known to exist near the mouth of the Van Staaden’s river, in the district of Uitenhage. A recent immigrant, Mr. Bevan—a gentleman said to be familiar with mining operations—has visited the spot. Satisfied with the indications, he has been induced to purchase the farm for £1,650; and has already a party employed to collect the ore. It is said, that he has since discovered a lode of native lead—one of the rarest productions of nature, and which hitherto, it has been believed, is only to be procured from the island of Madeira and at Alston in Cumberland.—*Graham’s Town Journal.*

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA—THE BATTLE OF SOBBAON.—Mr. Burford's indefatigable search after new objects of interest, for the exercise of his peculiar art, has here hit upon a subject which, treated as he has treated it, is likely to become one of the most attractive of the popular exhibitions of this season. The point of view is well chosen; because the spectator, admitted as it were, into the intrenchments of the Sikhs, becomes, thereby, from an elevated point, a near witness of each of the turning accidents of the battle—the mustering of the irregulars—the capture of the guns—the hand-to-hand combats—and that final source of damage to the hordes of the discomfited host, the British artillery. Through the distance the Sutlej winds along—inclosing with its bright line the masses of belligerents; and beyond that, the country of the Punjab stretches away into a long and slightly broken horizon. The first group that strikes the eye of the visitor is one composed of the chiefs of the enemy; whose brilliant costume, energetic action, and high-mettled horses are delineated with great spirit. Another passage of interest is the rush of the British infantry into the lines of the intrenched ground; where the combat assumes a fierce character—the bayonet on the one side, and the spear and sabre on the other, making fearful destruction. The charge of the dragoons is given with great effect; and leads us on to a more distant view—where the whole disorganized army of the Punjab is rushing pell-mell towards the river. This part, embracing the firing of the bridge and the fording of the stream, presents a vivid picture of the desolating slaughter attending that confused rout. The art of the painter, too, here obtains a conspicuous success. On one side, the dark figures of our artillery-men tell powerfully against the volumes of rolling smoke that intercept the distance:—on the other, the charge of the horse gives rise to individual combats, executed with much judgment and skill;—and these salient objects again frame in, as it were, the break into the middle ground of the picture, where the forces of the Sikhs, routed, despairing, rallying, and flying, offer the pictorial finale. The execution of this panorama is highly creditable to the conjoined efforts of the artists, Messrs. Burford and Selous. The horses, we understand, were entirely designed by the latter gentleman—and they are worthy of especial note. When we take into account, as we reasonably should, the very short space of time that has been employed in the completion of so extended an oil-painting, we are led the more freely to express our commendation of the art with which the various points are combined into an effective whole. The details of the battle—on which we have dwelt little, because every one has eagerly perused the despatches—and because the visitor receives a hand-book containing a well drawn account—are worked out in every direction; all that could with reasonable license be pressed into a moment of time being seized on to present a fitting *résumé* of the "crowning victory."

SIR STRATFORD CANNING, to whose personal influence with the Porte we are indebted for the possession of the marbles of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, has also, by the same influence, obtained permission to send to England the splendid discoveries which are now being made by Mr. Austen Layard at Nimroud. Of these treasures, a correspondent of the *Times* furnishes the following particulars:—"The discoveries of M. Botta,

at Horsabad, are well known to the learned world. Those in which Mr. Layard is now engaged at Nimroud promise to be much more interesting and extensive. The mound is eight or ten times larger than that which was excavated by the French. It contains the remains of a palace, a part of which, like that at Horsabad, appears to have been burnt. There is a vast series of chambers, all built with marble, and covered with sculptures and inscriptions. The inscriptions are in the cuneiform character, of the class usually termed Babylonian. It is possible that this edifice was built at an epoch prior to the overthrow of the Assyrian empire by the Medes and Babylonians under Cyaxares—but whether under the first or second Assyrian dynasty is doubtful. Many of the sculptures discovered by Mr. Layard are, even in the smallest details, as sharp and fresh as though they had been chiselled yesterday. Amongst them is a pair of winged lions with human heads, which are about twelve feet high. They form the entrance to a temple. The execution of these two figures is admirable, and gives the highest idea of the knowledge and civilization of the Assyrians. There are many monsters of this kind, lions and bulls. The other reliefs consist of various divinities; some with eagles' heads—others entirely human but winged,—with battle-pieces and sieges, as at Horsabad."

We are able to state, on unquestionable authority, that a treaty for the international protection of copyright has just been signed, at Berlin, between Prussia and England; in which it is confidently expected that, before the ratification, Saxony will join. The consequence will be a reduction of the duty to 15s. per cwt. on at least half the German books imported into England.

FROM ROME, it is stated that a society of private individuals has presented to the government a plan, by which they undertake to render the Tiber navigable to large vessels as far as Ponte Felice. The proposal further contemplates the construction of a port at Fiumicino; and the establishment of a service of steam-boats, on the one side to Leghorn, and on the other to Naples, without touching at Civita Vecchia. The answer of the government has not been given; but, if another piece of gossip be true which reaches us from the same headquarters of exclusion, viz., that the Pope has consented to let a company light the city with gas, there certainly are hopes for the Company of the Tiber. The government that has overcome its fear of light may be expected finally to conquer its objection to locomotion.

A SWEDISH botanist, who assumes to himself the discovery of the means of preserving flowering trees and shrubs in all their beauty, lately sent to the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm a tea-rose, which he affirms that he embalmed in the year 1844—and the flowers of which, as well as the leaves and stems, are in perfect preservation. If this discovery shall be confirmed, it will be of incalculable value; as, by it, the plants of all climates may be preserved, and transplanted to any distance, bearing all their natural appearances.

IN consequence of the death of the Pope, the oldest sovereign in Europe is now Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover, born June 5, 1771. The next in age is the King of the French, born October 5, 1773.

From Mr. Walsh's Letter of 16th June.

THE demise of Pope Gregory occasioned some sensation, because unexpected, for he was represented a day or two before the intelligence as in promising health. Some American gentlemen, who arrived in this capital a fortnight ago, from Rome, have mentioned to me that, in their interviews with His Holiness, they found him easy, communicative, and even facetious at the expense of recent scenes in the streets. The following extract from an English letter from Rome bears date only two days before his dissolution, and its testimony to his character is not from a partial source :

"The demise of Gregory XVI. was the period originally fixed for a new organization of this country ; but it is pleasant to learn that the venerable old pontiff is yet likely to last a year or two ; a swelling in the legs has been announced in our last Roman advices ; his general health is, however, wonderful for his age. With all his political mistakes (and what could a poor monk have learnt in his cell of this wicked world's ways ?) the Roman bishop is a genuine honest character. When he dies, you may fairly reproduce the words of Lord Bacon, concerning his namesake and predecessor : ' Gregory XIII. fulfilled the age of eighty-three years, an absolute good man, sound in mind and in body, temperate, full of good works, and an almsgiver.'—(*Novum Organum*. Chapter of Life and Death.)"

A few days ago, a traveller, devoted to internal improvements, observed to me, referring to Gregory's exit, "Now the Roman states will have railroads." The maxim of the defunct was, *stare super vias antiquas*, in every concern. He replied to the applicants, "You will have *your ways* after I have quitted the stage." The world expects other innovations, political concessions to popular or liberal discontents. The *Journal des Debats* of yesterday signifies that it desires an Italian Pope, that is, one who will look to opinions and exigencies in Italy ; who will reform abuses and redeem promises in the political and administrative spheres ; who, in short, will contrive to be independent of Austria. This point will be the more difficult now that the revolutionary billows in the legations and elsewhere have begun to heave. If the disaffected allow a new Pope, of the old leaven, to be fully seated, without extorting stipulations, they will lose their season, their opportunity, during the continuance of peace in Europe. The *Debats* designates six cardinals whom it believes to have the first chances of the succession ; all are above or near seventy years of age, except *Mattei*, who is fifty-four. *Fransoni* stands at the head. In some London sheets, Cardinal *Acton* (English) is mentioned as not without prospects. His elevation would, we may presume, absolutely dismay the Bishop of Exeter.

The Thames, you will see, is to be thoroughly fortified against French or American steam fleets : but how to repel an *English Pope's* bulls ?

Mehemet, *on dit*, is about visiting Constantinople, where he will be the most odious, but, at the same time, the most distinguished of all possible guests. It is added that he had set apart a sum of seven millions of francs for the expedition, which may fascinate even Reschid Pacha, the incorruptible. The correspondent at Constantinople of the *Morning Chronicle* says :

"The Sultan has, I am assured, sent an invita-

tion to the Viceroy of Egypt, at his own request, by Jellalapein Bey, to pass some time in Constantinople. He is not expected till Ibrahim Pacha returns from France, to preside over the government of Egypt during the absence of his father. A messenger, it is said, has been dispatched from Alexandria to Paris, to recall Ibrahim for this purpose."

"The meaning of the meditated visit of Mehemet Ali to the Sultan, it is not easy to conjecture. It may arise merely from the caprice of the old man, or from a feeling of religious homage which all Ottomans feel they owe to the successor of the Caliphs. It may have good effects, though it is more likely to have bad ones. A real cordial understanding between the Porte and Egypt may be thereby brought about ; or old Mehemet Ali may inspire the Sultan with a taste for his own most despotic and cruel mode of government, which would be very injurious if not destructive to the reform policy he is at present pursuing. The meeting between him and Khosref, the two most veteran Turks alive, and formerly bitter rivals and enemies, would be a fine study for a painter—though to every eye but the parties, Mehemet Ali would be degraded by the association."

We are informed by the *Epoque* of yesterday (cabinet paper) that England has become, like Russia, jealous of French influence at Constantinople as well as at Athens, and is improvidently promoting Russian designs in both capitals. It is a long circumstantial complaint. France would reinstate in the Lebanon the superannuated Emir Beschir, and stickles for the *Chaab* family at all events.

A French dignitary of the new school replied lately to Prince Metternich—who had said to him, "The world is quite sick"—"No, Prince, only the absolute governments."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Harper & Brothers continue to issue in beautiful style their PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. We do not know of a book of which the size of the type, and the proportions of the page please us better. Their ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE has reached the 92d No. Their DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE has reached O. MRS. SOMERVILLE'S CONNEXION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES, is the 14th Volume of Harper's Miscellany, a collection honorable to the taste and judgment of the publishers. Dr. Anthon's edition of Dr. Smith's SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, will be a useful addition to libraries.

CHRONICLES OF THE FIRST PLANTERS OF THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, from 1623 to 1636. Now first collected from original records and contemporaneous manuscripts, and illustrated with notes. By Alexander Young. Just published in Boston.

THE LIFE OF THE RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING, by ROBERT BELL, is the 16th vol. of Harpers' New Miscellany. FRENCH DOMESTIC COOKERY, combining Elegance with Economy : some beautiful passages may be found in this book. It is really less difficult to buy meat, than to get it cooked.—We commend this volume to the suffering public. CAPTAIN O'SULLIVAN, is the 86th No. of their library of select novels.